



CHINA MAIL

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Comment Of The Day

A SAFE BET

A HEADLINE which was good enough to survive both editions of yesterday's China Mail told of the surprising political somersault by 38-year-old Dr. Konrad Adenauer. His decision to continue on as Chancellor instead of running for the presidency is of course bound up with the apparent failure of the Christian Democrats to choose a successor of his liking. The contest was between Dr. Ludwig Erhard, who has clashed on several occasions with Adenauer, particularly on international economic policy issues, and the Treasury Minister, Herr Franz Blümel, who is virtually unknown outside Germany.

Dr. Erhard is said to oppose Adenauer's plan for a European common market and prefers the British sponsored Free Trade Zone. The issue now seems to have been settled in favor of the common market, but Erhard's opposition has turned the Chancellor against him. Perhaps this was because Adenauer hoped that his switch to the presidency would not involve the loss of any real power and that he might in time adopt a role similar to that of De Gaulle under the new French constitution.

ADENAUER'S decision may have also been influenced by the realization that his own protégé has little potential pull with the electorate, and that by retaining the Chancellorship himself the Christian Democrats have a better chance of routing the Social Democrats in 1961.

The party has now confirmed Adenauer's decision and the Chancellor's problem is to find a candidate to win the presidency. Opposing the Christian Democrats is the Opposition's Dr. Carlo Schmidt, an opponent once thought so formidable that only Erhard or Adenauer stood a chance against him. It looks as if new pressure is going to be put on Erhard, who has already refused the candidacy once before, and this time he may find it hard to decline.

The Riots Follow Lennox-Boyd

Bathurst, June 5. Police used batons to disperse a stone-throwing crowd in front of Government House here in Cambodia last night while the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd was inside.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd has been here since Tuesday having talks with Cambodian leaders during his current West African tour. The crowd, partly members of the democratic and national parties, was demonstrating against the alleged trend of these talks.

BATON CHARGE
Police read the riot act and then dispersed the crowd with batons. Private cars were damaged and some people were taken to hospital with injuries. Mr. Lennox-Boyd came to Cambodia from Sierra Leone—a visit also marked by demonstrations, in which police used tear gas to break up a clash between rival party supporters in the street outside Government House, while Mr. Lennox-Boyd was having talks inside.—Reuter.

NO MORE SUKARNO KISSING PICTURES

Djakarta, June 5. There will be no more pictures in Indonesian newspapers of Indonesian President Sukarno kissing movie stars or anyone else, it became apparent today with promulgation of a new order.

Under the new rule, all incoming press reports and pictures concerning Sukarno's present world tour must be submitted to the Army, the Information Ministry, or to the cabinet for approval prior to publication. Army officials insisted, however, it was not a censorship move.

There was no official explanation for the order, but United Press International learned that it was set in motion by the wide front-page play in Djakarta newspapers of Sukarno kissing actresses in Hollywood, particularly Joan Crawford.—UPI.



Reflex-cooking makes everything else out of date!

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Ex-Batista Men Arrested In Round-Up

Santiago, June 5. Police announced tonight they had smashed a counter-revolutionary plot against the government of Premier Fidel Castro.

Police squads arrested 12 former Batista men in raids on five hideouts, and seized arms, ammunition, uniforms and other war materials, an official announcement said.

The round-up of alleged counter-revolutionaries followed a night of terror during which police fought two gun battles with unidentified persons and thwarted an attempted prison break.

There have been reports of growing opposition to Castro's regime which took over Cuba on January 1 after fleeing ex-dictator Fulgencio Batista fled to the Dominican Republic. Castro has not attached much importance to the reports.

A Kidnapping

In the past two weeks, tobacco growers in Pinar del Rio province, at the opposite end of the island from Santiago in Oriente Province, have vowed to fight "unto death" against Castro's new agrarian reform bill which calls for cutting up the country's major land holdings.

Santiago police said they stumbled on the counter-revolutionary plot in the course of an investigation of a kidnapping. They were looking for the abducted wife of Lt. Modesto Ruiz Rialgo.

When Mrs. Ruiz Rialgo was found on a street, she led investigators to the house where she had been held. The landlady at the house then told

X-15 Delayed Second Time

Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., June 5. An attempt to send the X-15 rocket plane on its first glide test was delayed today after a last minute electrical defect was discovered.

The flight of the aircraft which is expected eventually to reach speeds of up to 4,000 miles an hour, 100 miles above the earth, has been postponed until Monday.—Reuter.

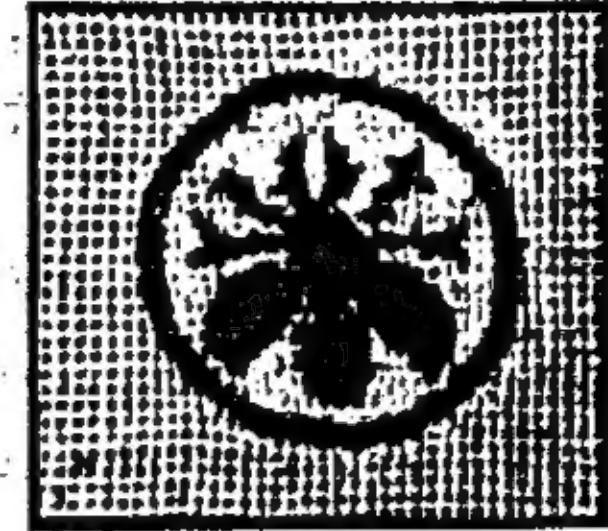
WHEN EXPERTS MEET

By OUR OWN REPORTER

Into a tiny shop in one of Hongkong's side streets walked Pierre Balmain, one of the top three fashion designers in the world. He wanted 24 shirts made.

As his measurements were being taken, he doffed his jacket and showed the design of a bee which he wanted embroidered on the pockets "just so." (Why a bee? For Balmain, of course.)

The little Chinese in a singlet, who was wielding the tape measure, looked up in surprise and glee at a kindred soul. In broken English he grinned "Oh, you can draw fashion too?"



The bee design.

BRIAN PLATT: LETTER TELLS OF CALL AT PHILIPPINES PORT

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

Brian Platt, 28-year-old son of the Chairman of the Hongkong Salaries Commission, Mr. J. W. Platt, was forced by head winds down to the Philippines, it was learned today.

QUEEN'S UNCLE SICK

London, June 5. The 59-year-old Duke of Gloucester, uncle of Queen Elizabeth, is suffering from an attack of gastro-enteritis, it was stated at York House tonight.

The Duke last had to cancel an engagement because of an illness in October, 1957, when he had "a feverish chill."

He recently returned from northern Nigeria, after attending the territory's self-government celebrations.—Reuter.

He put in at the North Philippines village of Pogopod. Then he sent a letter, dated May 27 to a friend of his father's in Manila asking him to tell his family that "all is well."

He said he was sitting in his junk High Tea that day for Okinawa.

The letter did not give Platt's date of arrival at the Philippines port.

As Platt put to sea again about 10 days ago, it is now thought that he is somewhere near Okinawa.

Platt left Hongkong on May 7 on a 6,000-mile voyage to San Francisco. His first call was to have been at Japan.

In the morning papers today a Tokyo report said that the Japanese Coast Guard at the request of Mr. Platt had appealed to all ships sailing around Japan for any information about the High Tea.

Lee's Pledge To His People

Singapore, June 5. The Prime Minister of Singapore, Mr. Lee Kuan-yew, said today his Leftist People's Action Party would give Singapore a firm and stable government.

Mr. Lee in a broadcast said, "The business of a government is to govern and to make firm decisions so that there shall be certainty and stability in the affairs of our people."

"We shall do our best to give you not only a firm and stable government but one which will carry with it the support and co-operation of the majority of the people."—Reuter.

RUSSIANS TO SHOOT FOR VENUS?

Christchurch, June 5. The Russians are expected to launch an interplanetary rocket this weekend designed to reach Venus, Canterbury University physicist C. S. L. Keay said tonight. He said during the weekend Venus will be in the best relative position to earth for a rocket-firing, although it will not be at its closest in miles. There will not be another such good position of Venus until January of 1961, he said.

Keay said that the U.S. abandoned its Venus plans six weeks ago because it was not ready, but that there has been no report of Russia changing its plans. If the probe rocket is aimed correctly it would travel for 148 days before reaching Venus on November 1 or 2, said Keay, who successfully plotted the orbits of the first spudniks and predicted their appearance over New Zealand.—UPI.

Herter Hits Back At Communists

Geneva, June 5. The United States tonight accused the Communists of running "one of the heaviest concentrations of subversive and spying activities in the world" from East Berlin.

In the toughest Western speech of the four-week-old foreign ministers conference, Mr. Christian Herter of the United States charged that the goal of these activities was "the complete overthrow of the existing constitutional and social order" in West Berlin and West Germany.

The American Secretary of State in a 25-minute speech denounced the subversion, kidnapping, spying and "numerous other hostile activities" which he said were directed from East Berlin.

"We believe that to be possible, provided there is goodwill and good faith on both sides," he said.

Mr. Lloyd added that if the Soviet Foreign Minister would do that "even on one aspect of our problems—the Berlin aspect"—it would pave the way for "further lessening of tensions and for further arrangements for 'living together' in genuine peace."—Reuter.

STRONGLY-WORDED
He declared that East Germany alone had 26,000 officers directing more than 200,000 agents and informers.

They were engaged in "activities detrimental to the interests of West Berlin and the Federal Republic of Germany and other countries beyond."

Mr. Herter's strongly-worded speech contrasted with a personal appeal by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd of Britain to Russia's Mr. Andrei Gromyko.

The British Foreign Secretary told Mr. Gromyko that people everywhere wanted the two great power blocs to develop the technique of "living peacefully alongside one another."

Hawthorn's Will

London, June 5. Mike Hawthorn, 29, British world champion racing driver, who was killed in a road crash last January, left an estate of £27,457 net, after duty of £21,725 had been paid, in his will which was published here today.

He left all his estate to his widowed mother, Mrs. Winifred M. Hawthorn.—China Mail Special.

Prayers For Geneva

Vatican City, June 5. Pope John XXIII tonight asked Roman Catholics to pray for the success of the Geneva conference.—UPI.

Jealousy Drove Camel Mad

Genoa, June 5. A love-lorn circus dromedary ended up in the municipal slaughterhouse today because unrequited passion and jealousy drove him mad.

The camel's sad story began in Rome three months ago when his chosen companion turned her affections to a handsome white racing camel.

When the rejected camel, rendered furious by jealousy, attacked his rival several times the circus owner isolated him in the hope that his passion would subside.

When the camel's unhappy state did not improve the circus owner tried to sell him to a zoo in Genoa but in vain. He then consulted a veterinary who said the camel had gone mad and advised the camel's owner to put him out of his misery.—AFP.

43 Die In Crash

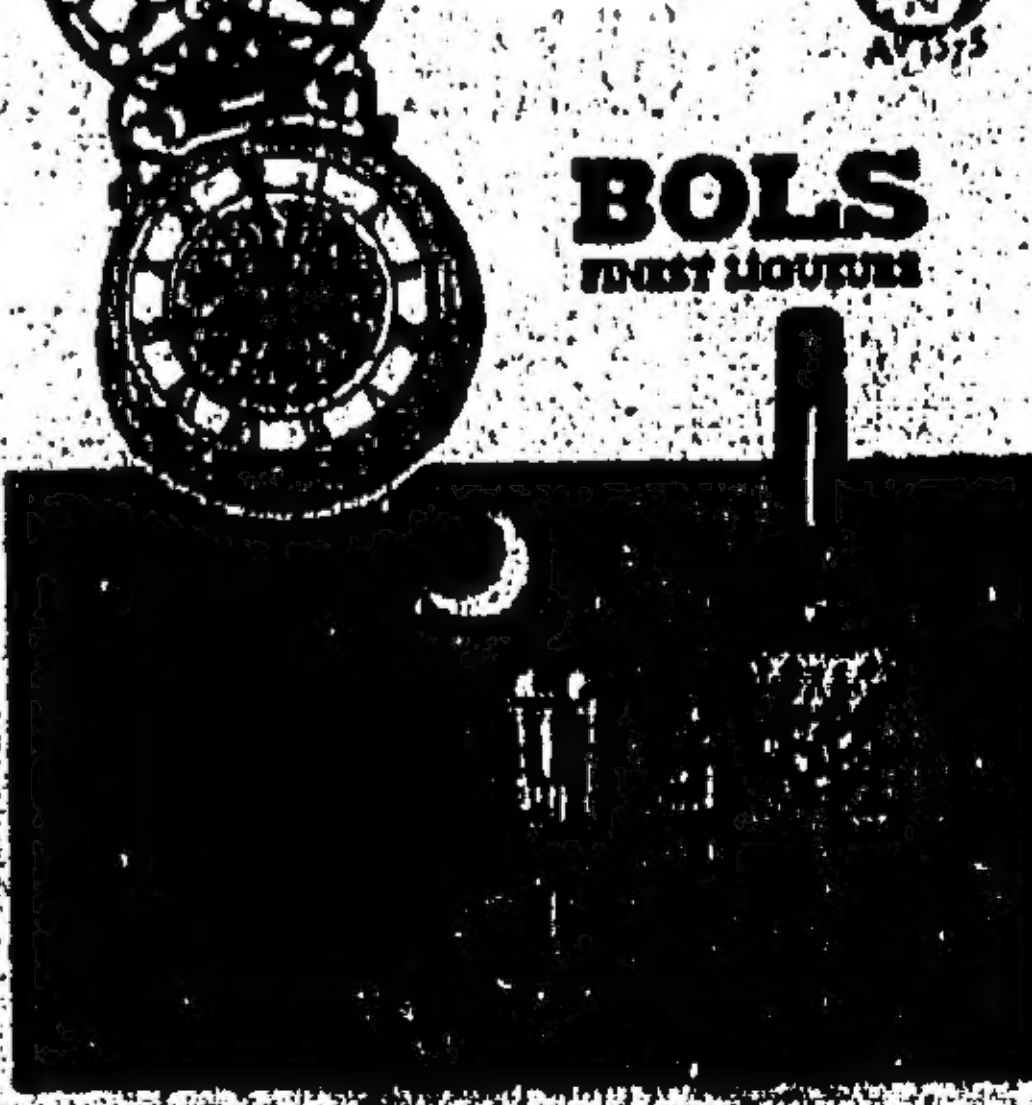
Sao Paulo, June 5. At least 43 people were killed and nearly 100 injured in a collision this evening of two commuter trains. The crash took place during the rush hour near one of the terminals four miles from the downtown section of Sao Paulo.—UPI.

An historical tradition.....

that holds true today. After a good dinner, at nine o'clock, when the atmosphere is cosy and expensive:

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PARIS. It's Paris with a capital 'P'. Paris, the capital of Europe.

ROME. When you throw your hat in the breeze, Mr. Tourist, remember you're bound to go back!

DUSSELDORF. Remember your Science, Professor! You've forgotten so very much. Take a 'Relaxer' to Düsseldorf!

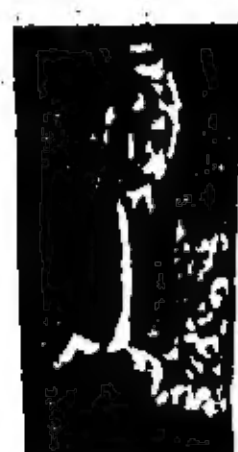
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KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Suddenly they were the center of an invisible ring
metaphorically closer... closer... every suspense-packed second!



Richard Widmark



Lee J. Cobb



Tina Louise



Earl Holliman

TECHNICOLOR

with Carl Swenson, Paul, Chet, and... Directed by Robert Ross. Produced by...

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Dirk Bogarde & Dorothy Tutin in "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Clark Gable & Burt Lancaster in "RUN SILENT RUN DEEP"

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
At 11.00 a.m.
At Reduced Prices

U-I COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.15 p.m. Special Matinee "THE TRAP"
At Regular Admissions

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
THE INSIDE-LINES STORY OF A COLONEL'S WAR
AND A WOMAN'S LOVE!

HOWARD HUGHES



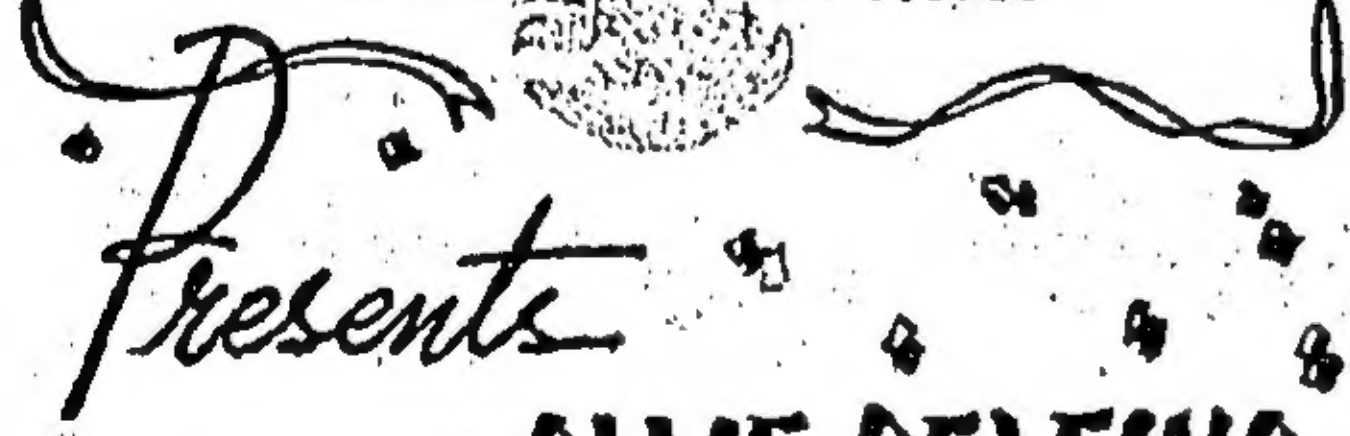
ROBERT MITCHUM - ANN BLYTH
RICHARD EGAN



ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow.
Extra Performance of "ONE MINUTE TO ZERO"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon | BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

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OLLIE DELFINO

and his
Dynamic Dancers



Luz Vi Minda
Vocalist

TONIGHT!

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FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

WELL, well, well! If I have said it once, I've said it a dozen times; history is the only good fiction left to this worried old world.

"The Naked Maja" (Hoover and Gals) is an example of what I mean. Those who dabble with paint and brushes will know better than I, but in my unartistic manner, I should describe the painting, "The Naked Maja," as the greatest pin-up in the world. Those who enjoy a bit of romantic scandal, identify the picture with a former Duchess of Alba. Art historians, so I am informed, say that this is all nonsense.

However, the film is not concerned with doubts. Here is Ava Gardner, Duchess of Alba; and here is Anthony Franciosa, Francisco Goya y Lucientes, world famous painter.

"The Naked Maja" concerns itself with the love affair between the Court painter and the democratic Duchess. Such incidents as her having a husband, and her wife who doesn't understand him after hearing him to be a woman, and something children, is tactfully passed over.

Come to that, maybe his wife was glad to see him hang up his pyjamas somewhere else. The film is tremendously colourful, and I must say the dance scenes are a delight to watch.

The dialogue is worthy of the late Cecil DeMille. Duchess Ava has been trying to outplay the Queen. The Queen comes back strongly and trumps Ava with, "I'll show her who's Queen of Spain."

Well, that's democracy for you, but the picture is not very democratic. The King, having some of the hot spots put to death now and again simply because he gets the worst of it when he has a showdown with his prime minister.

However, "The Naked Maja" will pull the fans through the doors of the Hoover and Gals. It has Ava Gardner; it has dagger fights with Technicolor bloodstains; it has naughty glimpses of silken sheathed beds; and it has Senor Goya sketching with lightning rapidly his famous cartoons.

I always did wonder how a man with a wife and a mistress and 20 something children found time to paint. Well, anyone who can knock out a masterpiece in five seconds or so could find time. And as this film shows, he does.

★★★
"ONE MINUTE TO ZERO" (Roxy and Broadway) is a war film; all the incidents are based upon situations brought about by an unspecified war, but it is quite easy to fill in the blanks.

Doubtless, this would have been a better film with more skilful editing; as it is, it is a crowd pleaser in that it contains many good sequences of suspense.

With the advent of this war, Colonel Robert Mitchum ordered to evacuate all Americans to Japan, but he has trouble with widow Ann Blyth who has a disposition for "serving in the front-line."

Getting her on the last plane is the finale of the first suspense sequences. Naturally, the colonel gets wounded, and the long arm of coincidence is stretched to breaking point to get him to the hospital where Ann Blyth nurses him back to health.

Of course, they fall in love, but the customers have not yet had their money's worth.

The next motive is the misunderstanding, motive, or the proof that the course of true loves never did run smoothly.

In the affairs of his duty, the colonel is called upon to perform a seemingly inhuman action. Ann does not like it, and tears a strip off Colonel Mitchum.

We are now ready for the long last battle, and it comes. The rest you can guess.

As you see, it is not very original in theme, but I suppose no love affair ever is, except in the mind of the lovers. On the other hand, this is the kind of plot that has brought pleasure to all the world ever since men started marching away to war.

Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth are old hands at this kind of film, and are never excited by the director makes upon them.

Obviously, the audience is in mind all the time, and the suspense sequences are many, varied, and exciting to fill the requirements of those who demand action.

But, as I have said, better editing would have made a bet-



Ava Gardner and Anthony Franciosa in a scene from "The Naked Maja."

ter film. On the other hand, it has all the Saturday evening picture fan requires.

★★★
"THE TRAP" showing at the King's and Princess, is a suspense-packed film which will keep the audience on their toes from beginning to end.

The main feature of this film is its good casting. Richard Widmark in the role of a gangland lawyer brings to the film a convincing performance of a smooth, ferocious type, as sleek with a gun as with a pen.

Lee J. Cobb, head of a crime syndicate is a man in a hurry to get out of the country before the authorities can investigate his activities.

Standing in his way are members of his own family. Romance enters with Tina Louise, who as Widmark's sister-in-law and former sweetheart, further complicates this already complicated situation.

The film plays up the angles of the family divided between lawmen and law-breakers; but the strongest point of the whole picture is the director's ability to play up suspense.

Some of the shots are reminiscent of the best Westerns; the deserted garage and fuel station. The entry, the shot coming from nowhere.

The climax of the film is uninhibited.

The director gives the audience the grandstand finish they demand. This takes the form of a duel between a plane and a car.

Excitement, suspense, and thrills galore are the characteristics of "The Trap," together with some good casting and convincing performances.

★★★

THE Korean War has provided the American novelists and film producers with quite a bit of background material; and somehow it occurs to me that the men who fought in Korea came off worse than their elder brothers I knew in Europe.

I am sick and tired of seeing these young veterans of the Korean War stalking through the pages of fiction and crossing the cinema screen, hag-ridden by nerves.

It is for that reason that "Stranger in My Arms" (Lee and Astor) gets a high rating from me, at this rate. I reckon it superb in plot; mature in production; and directed with strength and sympathy. In short, it is very evident that "Stranger in My Arms" is a film the producer Ross Hunter believed in.

A strong and experienced cast are assembled for the outline the plot would destroy the strong emotional impact of the film, but as I have mentioned Korea, it is used incidentally to illustrate the departure of the hero to the war, his supposed heroic death in battle; his memory and its effect upon his mother and his widow.

June Allyson plays with sympathy the role of the young bride, so drastically widowed; and from there, the requirements of those who demand action, where people struggle to keep to conventions, yet battle with instincts.

Jeff Chandler takes on the role of an Air Force officer who carries a secret; his doing the decent thing is part of the hinge of the plot.

Also featured in the film are Charles Coburn, and his very inclusion makes it a "must" for me; and Mary Astor who plays with her accustomed skill the role of a possessive mother-in-law.

If you have read "And Ride A Tiger," by Robert Wilner, you more or less know the story; for the film is based upon the best selling novel.

Looking at the film for this weekend, I think this is the show for those who like their entertainment to be not only mature and thoughtful, but well done and polished for presentation.

★★★

"ESCORT WEST" (Star and Metropole) brings Victor Mature, Elaine Stewart, and Faith Domergue to star in an action-full Western adventure.

"Escort West" is in fact a good example of the conventional Western at its most effective; a straight forward story told in a straight forward manner; briskly developed and punctuated right through with rough and tumble action. The story takes you back to just after the Civil War, and for those who like the old reounding romance names of the old

West, the locale is the Oregon trail.

And along this trail the Modoc Indians ravage to considerable advantage. The film has Mature as an ex-Army Captain, a widower following the Oregon trail accompanied by his ten years old daughter, Teba Waters.

It is at this spot that the other stars are introduced. Miss Stewart and Miss Domergue are also on the trail, escorted by a group of cavalry which is also escorting a payroll wagon.

Unfortunately, the late Civil War found them on different sides, so they don't turn up. Of course, you know what's going to happen now and it does.

The Indians make an awful mess of the cavalry, but in order that this film continues, they spare the Misses Domergue and Stewart.

So amid the great open spaces and under the starry skies, Mature does his big man stuff and the poor Indians cop it more than somewhat.

Obviously, with two young ladies, someone is playing gooseberry, and as no self-respecting film director will tolerate such behaviour, Miss Domergue suffers a nervous breakdown by this stage, I was near one myself, what with the Indians refusing to take no for an answer.

So there you have Victor Mature and Miss Stewart alone. A good film of its kind, told simply, but exploits the opportunities to bring suspense.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

STAR & METROPOLE: "Escort West." Has Victor Mature as ye gentle knight in a story of an incident following the American Civil War. Triangle problem that is solved along the way. Also Elaine Stewart.

HOOPER & GALA: "The Naked Maja." Based upon the incident of history's most scandalous pin-up. Perpetuates the rumour that the Maja is the Duchess of Alba. (Maja... loose woman). Ava Gardner as the Duchess of Alba; and Anthony Franciosa as Goya the painter.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Trap." Another new look in Westerns in which a law man does his own law enforcement. Original in theme; superbly photographed;

some tense and exciting sequences; and an absolutely original climax. Richard Widmark and Lee J. Cobb.

LEE & ASTOR: "Stranger in My Arms." Based upon "Written on the Wind," this film tells the story of human emotions in conflict with ideals and ideas. Excellent cast who perform with conviction and power. June Allyson, Jeff Chandler, Sandra Dee and Charles Coburn.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "One Minute to Zero." An action picture with background of war. Chief characteristic is that it contains many good sequences of suspense. Presented by Harold Hughes; Stars Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth.

COMING

STAR & METROPOLE: Return date with "Trap." which broke all records in Hongkong. Great circus film starring Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, and Gina Lollobrigida. Made in Cinemascope and Colour de Luxe.

HOOPER & GALA: Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall, and Paul Douglas in "The Mating Game," a very good version of the humorous novel, "The Darling Buds of May." Fun, games, and whimsy among the birds and bees.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Naked Maja." Excellent Japanese horror exploiting the uncanny superstitions of the nation. Full of suspense, and a thriller.

color and Stereophonic sound.

LEE & ASTOR: "Operation Amsterdam." Another of these incredible real-life missions which dramatized World War II. Crisp tense adventures. Tony Britton, Peter Finch, and Alexander Knox, with Eva Bartok.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "I Mobster." A really well-made film illustrating the rise and fall of a gangster. Violent, but always in picture. Really gives the lowdown on Murder Incorporated, yet never using violence for violence's sake to make a good and exciting film. Stars Steve Cochran, Lisa Williams, with Robert Strauss and Celia Lovsky.

THE LANCETOR

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW—AT REDUCED PRICES
LEE THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
"ANIMAL FARM"
At 12.30 p.m.
"CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT"
ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
"HEAVEN KNOWS MR. ALLISON"

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★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. FOX
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
STAR: At 12.30 p.m. "THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI"
In Technicolor
Starring: William Holden Grace Kelly
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M
"JUPITER'S DARLING"
In CinemaScope & Color
Starring: Esther Williams Howard Keel

HOOVER GALA

NOW PLAYING: 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



AMEDEO NAZZARI / GINO CERVI / LEA PADOVANI
Screenplay by NORMAN CRASNA / GORDON PROFFER / OSCAR SAGE / TALBOT LUMMUS
Produced by GUFFREDO LOMBARDO / Directed by HENRY KOSTER
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Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre
At 11.00 a.m.
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M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
Joan Crawford & Sterling Hayden in "JOHNNY GUITAR"

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TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW—AT REDUCED PRICES

At 10.45 a.m.
"LADY AND THE TRAMP"
In Technicolor
At 12.30 p.m.
CLEVING FORD in "COWBOY"

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Russia Is Determined To Put Some Starch Into Laundry Service

Moscow.

RUSSIA'S seven-year plan for catching up with Western living standards has gotten under way with suggestions in the official press that it really shouldn't take a month to get clothes laundered or two months to get a dress cleaned in the Soviet Union.

Hoop Fad Starts 'Hula' Haircuts

Boston.

If you thought the hula hoop craze was on the way out, better ask your barber.

Members of the teenage set are putting the hoop on their heads in the form of circular haircuts—bangs in front and medium-length hair on the back and sides.

It's called a hula haircut because "it falls right back into arrangement after a vigorous hooping session."

So explained James E. Guilford Jr., a Boston barber and public relations committee member for the Associated Master Barbers and Beauticians.

Guilford said the new cut was introduced at a recent convention of barbers and beauticians in Minneapolis. "It's already very popular in other areas," he said, "and it's spreading like wildfire."—UPI.

Criticism

That's how long a citizen must expect to wait if he makes use of the few laundries and dry cleaners that exist in Leningrad, the country's second biggest city, according to the new paper Leningradskaya Pravda.

Meanwhile, other papers in other cities have listed other examples of goods shortages, poor quality, high prices and bad service.

This wave of candid criticism is being directed by the authorities against the legion of government and Communist Party functionaries who handle the production, sales and maintenance of consumer goods and the provision of services under the Soviet system.

To a large extent it is they, the managers, who are being counted on to make a success of the grandiose programmes adopted in February for bringing the Soviet Union abreast of Western European living standards by 1969 and of the United States by 1970.

The wrong kind of manager, the Leningrad paper made clear, is the dry-cleaner official who was overheard by the paper's team of investigators refusing to accept a woman's dress because "it has spots on it." When the woman persisted that the dress was spotless, the official said, "it's already very popular in other areas," he said, "and it's spreading like wildfire."—UPI.

Long Queue

The long queue in front of the dry-cleaner could read a sign saying the establishment was accepting only 30 articles of clothing that day, 15 as "urgent" and 15 as "urgent." The paper did not say how long "urgent" work took. But it reported that a laundry it checked into took as long as a month to wash and iron clothes, although a year ago it took only two weeks.

A tour of furniture stores in the city of Leningrad was made by reporters for the newspaper. The Leningrad paper said Leningrad is specially noted among Soviet republics for its furniture. Yet it reported that "everywhere we heard complaints by customers about the shortage of furniture and the lack of inexpensive pieces."

A pair of newlyweds fortunate enough to have been allocated an apartment in a new building were looking for new furniture. "They wanted something light, attractive and inexpensive," the paper said, "but where was it to be found?" "Elegant furniture or simple design may be seen at exhibitions," the paper said, "but it is nowhere on sale, even though some models were earmarked for production as long as two years ago."

Headaches

If you succeed in buying what you want, maintenance is a headache, several articles suggested. Changing a light bulb, said simple things like getting a key made or a dress or suit altered or "a button sewn on" are difficult to accomplish and cost much too much. "Sometimes fixing a lock comes out costing more than the lock cost to buy," it said. A man who took a damaged vacuum cleaner to a "receiving point" for repair was told to come back in a month.—UPI.

'Get Off My Back'



Coppy the Siamese cat, gives his friend, Nobby the rat a lift. It could only happen in Houston, Texas.

Submarine In The Pink For First Movie Role

Key West, Fla. Natives of this southernmost U.S. city thought they'd seen everything when President Harry Truman set up his Little White House here and strolled through the streets in loud sports shirts. But even HST's unconventional attire was forgotten when the navy submarine USS Balao (SS-316) was called upon to play an important role with Cary Grant and Tony Curtis in the movie "Operation Petticoat."

The sub, veteran of 10 successful war patrols against the Japanese during World War II, was towed from Astoria, Ore., to Key West, Fla., for the movie. She was promptly dubbed "The Pink Virgin" by veteran submariners who

were sure that such an oddity could never have sunk a single ton of enemy shipping. Even her real skipper Lt. Cmdr. M. O. Munde, wore a pink officer's cap while the crew sported pink-dyed sailor hats. "We figured that as long as we were going to get the razberries from other submariners in our squadron, we might as well give them plenty to hook about," the skipper declared. The movie is a comedy about the efforts of a U.S. sub to get back into operation after being bombed by Japanese planes during the first days of the Pacific war. But why the pink paint? It seems that beautifully grey just doesn't photograph well before the colour camera. Pink's just right.—UPI.

Scientists Seek 'X' In The Pacific

Los Angeles.

A TEAM of American marine biologists has set out on an expedition to explore a mysterious "patch" of the Pacific Ocean where fish grow to as much as 10 times their normal size, and where disease is virtually unknown.

The scientists believe there may be something present in the waters there, where northern and southern ocean currents meet, that will benefit mankind. They hope to uncover the secrets of this extraordinary strip of ocean sometime within the next few months. At the present time, the biologists know that a mackerel caught off the coast of San Diego, California, will weigh up to 250 lb. But mackerel caught in the waters off Central America have weighed up to 2,500 lb. Even the seaweed grows to fantastic size in this strip of

the Pacific. It frequently develops bases three or four feet in diameter, and stretches to lengths of 100 ft. or more. Especially interesting to the scientists is the perfect health of the fish caught off Central America. The experts speculate that the water and its plant life may hold some secret ingredient that keeps the fish healthy, and increases their life span. It is hoped that this "X" ingredient may be discovered, extracted, and used for the benefit of mankind. (London Express Herald).

SISTERS KEEP UP WITH EACH OTHER

Pittsburgh.

COINCIDENCES form a pattern in the lives of two sisters living in the North Hills area.

Maria Hammer married Joseph Osterrieder on May 10, 1940. Six years later, her sister, Dolores, married Joseph's brother, Clarence, also in May. Seven years and one month after their marriage, Joe and Marie were the parents of six children. In that same June, Dolores and Clarence became parents of twins, bringing their total of children also to six.

Coincidence

However, the count was different. Marie and four boys and two girls and Dolores three and three. But another coincidence recently evened the pattern. Marie gave birth to a daughter 33 hours before Dolores had a son—making the score four sons and three daughters for each sister.

The Osterrieder brothers, the husbands of this tale, work in the same food plant and both are foremen. Joe heads the transportation and warehouse department while Clarence is foreman in the can department.

BIBLE OUT OF DATE SAYS GRANDMA

The Bible is scientifically out of date and limited in its value for religious education, according to an 82-year-old grandmother, recently ordained into the Unitarian Ministry.

The Rev. Dr. Sophia Lyon Fahs of New York City spoke at a religious education conference during the annual Unitarian meetings here. She said, "The Bible records are permeated with the assumptions of ancient men regarding the natural world. . . . Its dim understandings of the nature of the universe and in turn they affected their beliefs about God and man. These ideas are not parts of the science of our day but they were parts of the science of two thousand and more years ago."

Brought His Stink To City Hall

Topeka, Kan.

Benjamin E. Hardisty, 34, a stink at City Hall. Hardisty said he had been having trouble getting the city sanitation department to pick up his refuse. So he staged a stink. He ran up three flights of stairs at City Hall to the refuse chutes and dumped about two weeks old, and smelted, pretty rank. Hardisty said, "I decided if they wouldn't come out it, I'd take it to them." Perplexed city officials didn't know what to do. But Hardisty solved his future garbage problems. He bought a garbage disposal unit on the way home.—UPI.

Going To Antarctica?

Little America V, Antarctica. MEMO to prospective visitors to the Antarctic: take your golf clubs with you.

Enthusiasm for golf runs high at this US Navy base some 750 miles from the bottom of the world. With the arrival of summer, proponents of the grand old game don their "mucklucks," snow boots and take to the "greens." Called the "Sam Sneed of Antarctica," Navy Capt. Eugene H. Maher, of Ogden, Utah, is promoting the sport as a recreational activity back. Maher is the officer in charge of the seven US bases in the Antarctic and makes his headquarters at Little America. Among the advantages for golfers around here is the fact

TAKE YOUR GOLF CLUBS WITH YOU

that they can play it 24 hours a day since the sun never sets during the seven months of summer from September through April.

Maher, a husky-looking man in his late 40's, introduced this correspondent to South Pole golf late this month in a one-hole contest played on the deep snow that covers the base. All you need, he said, is a club, preferably an iron, a ball, preferably of soft material and for obvious reasons, any clothes other than winter and sometimes to carry your camera and take pictures, because the sun is so good to follow, and when you get back home.

We opened the Claret's back door and found a pile of snow about five feet high. Maher climbed out with a club and a ball for each of us and helped me through the hole in the snow into the sunshine.

After selecting his club, a four-iron, Antarctica's pioneer golfer handed me the other club, a "number five," and a ball. Apparently made out of twine. It weighed a little less than a normal golf ball, and it was a bright red. When I asked for a tee, Maher said "tee" was not necessary, and scooped up a pile of snow, placed his ball on the "tee" and announced that the first hole

was a half-buried radio pole about 100 yards away. My experienced adversary addressed the ball and drove it about 30 yards, leaving the snow on the tee. After two attempts to lift the ball off the snow, I managed to drive it some 10 yards where it landed in a trough of hard snow.

As I stepped the ball back, Maher said, "That's the way. If you can't get it off the tee, you can't expect to win this time. Winter rules apply." Maher struck the ball with a club, and it flew into the air. Maher said, "That's the way. If you can't get it off the tee, you can't expect to win this time. Winter rules apply." Maher struck the ball with a club, and it flew into the air. Maher said, "That's the way. If you can't get it off the tee, you can't expect to win this time. Winter rules apply."



Some women stand out, always... not for their beauty, though they may be beautiful; not for their clothes, though these are perfection, but for a certain indefinable air, their natural in-born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction—beyond price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll find a Rolex watch is the instinctive choice of the world's most elegant women.

They appreciate the design and quality that have made Rolex Swiss-made watches famous for over half a century. That's why, whenever a gift—for a celebration, or an anniversary, or simply to give pleasure—is in your mind, you'll want to give the one watch she would choose herself—a Rolex.

To find out more about the beautiful range of Ladies' Rolex Watches, please write for the illustrated Rolex Ladies' catalogue to Rolex of Geneva or visit your nearest Rolex jeweller.

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NERVE-CRACKING DANCE OF WHIP BOLERO
2 Shows: 10.15 p.m. & 1.00 a.m.

Musical by
CELSE & HIS SEXTET
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The Finest French Dishes
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HEART'S CONTENT
COLD TABLE BUFFET
With Coffee \$5.00
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at the Hammond Organ
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The BIGGEST
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For Your
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"MARTY" at the
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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
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To-morrow 5 Shows
Extra Performance of
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ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
2nd Big Week!
Today 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
Still Packing-In! Come early!

BACK TO BATAAN
JOHN WAYNE
ANTHONY QUINN
Morning show to-morrow
"THE BLUE CONTINENT"

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PETER TUCK
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CAPITOL
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.00 A.M.
CARTOONS COLOR
AT 12.30 P.M.
JAMES GARNER in
"DARBY'S RANGERS"

THE SON OF ROBIN HOOD
SHOWING TODAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
AL WENDSON - BINE LAYTON
DAVID FAXMAN - MARCUS GORTING
Morning Show To-morrow
"THE GREEN GLOVE"

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Seven years ago rich girl Jane Stewart Liberty spent a holiday in Corsica—and fell in love with a Calvi fisherman named Toussaint Orsini. Everyone said the marriage would not survive; but Jane and Toussaint have proved them wrong, and after six years saving in Corsica have earned enough to transplant it successfully to Britain—where Toussaint is now working at a Buckinghamshire carpet factory. In a terraced cottage on £5 a week, Jane is happy; in a happy home, 5-year-old daughter Yvonne is happy; and in the carpet factory, miles from the sea, even Toussaint is happy. "I prefer it in England—I like the climate."

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: In second place—Stirling Moss. On the world's motor-race circuits he's usually well out in front—but at London airport recently to catch the plane for Holland and the Dutch Grand Prix, he stays in second place—behind Canadian wife Katie.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Women business executives from Belgium, France, Germany, Holland and Canada met their British opposite numbers recently in a congress held in London by the British Association of Women Executives, a society affiliated to the Femmes Chefs d'Entreprise Mondiales.



ABOVE: Arriving at London Airport for a two-week visit to Britain is Iran's Minister of Industries and Mines Sharif Emami, his wife and 3½-year-old son Ali. Most of the fortnight will be taken up with talks with officials of the Board of Trade.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Pretty 25-year-old Thelma Chalmers, London secretary, and Britain's fastest typist—with a top, short-burst speed of 150 words a minute. She earned the title in this year's London Chamber of Commerce examinations; will also be a strong challenger in the World Championships in Vienna in August.



ABOVE: Prince Philip reviews an unusual fleet. Before setting out on his tour of London Boys' Clubs recently, Prince Philip (arrowed, centre) reviewed a fleet of canoes drawn from club members and assembled on the Serpentine.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: Guess who's in our pack? Five Brownies give five various interpretations of the Brownie salute—but they were smarter still recently when they went to Buckingham Palace, as five members of the Palace Pack, specially revived so that Princess Anne could emulate her aunt by joining. The princess joined in the games but she had to wear a sweater and skirt. For there's a strict rule that no one can wear the uniform until they've been a Brownie for a month—and it isn't relaxed, even for Princesses.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Liz and Eddie fly in—and start snapping at the reporters and cameramen who met them at London Airport when they arrived from the Riviera. Liz had said: "From now on I want to be a good housewife and mother," and added that she was looking forward to retiring from films. But a reporter reminded her: "Haven't you said that before?" and Liz's sapphire eyes sparked as she snapped: "Certain things happened, you may remember." One of her five protective publicity men jumped up to say: "That's the lot." He was challenged: "What's the matter Miss Taylor? Can't you answer questions?" And now Eddie was angry, snapping: "Call her Mrs. Fisher." Then in a flurry, they were off to their retreat, where waiting for them and the children were a police sergeant, four constables, and 500 yards of protective barbed wire.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S



**Another complete story
in the series that keeps
you guessing**

[illegible]

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THREE FACES WATCHING FASHION



The face on the extreme right is that of famous dancer Margot Fonteyn. The fashions were those of Spring 1959 and the place—LONDON.

HIGH-CLASS DELICACY EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK—AT A PRICE YOU CAN PAY

By HUGH BUSH

TO the average person, unacquainted with the new farm vocabulary coming out of America the word "broiler" stirs up visions of toughness—something that has to be well and truly steeped in boiling water before it is fit for human consumption.

In fact, it is the quintessence of tenderness and delicacy, for it is a young chicken ranging from the poussin stage at a few weeks old to the "broiler" which is not more than ten or twelve weeks old.

America has made great strides since the war in poultry research and the back-room boys of the industry elsewhere have been journeying to the U.S.A. in considerable numbers to investigate. Those back-room boys are in many cases bringing back new ideas in poultry husbandry which are going to have far-reaching effects on poultry production in their own countries.

One of the recitals in America itself is the broiler industry. This is a vast industry in the States, and is now becoming an important industry on the other side of the Atlantic—in Great Britain, for example.

A big commercial undertaking there has launched a scheme for the raising and distribution of more than a million broilers in 1959, while another firm is waging a campaign to persuade housewives in a big industrial

area to change their eating habits. Their ambition is to make chicken an all-the-week treat. Every bird is marketed in oven-ready condition and a constant watch is kept on production economics so as to give the housewife the cheapest possible bird.

PERILS

But these rapid boosts in any form of farm enterprise are subjected to many perils, and this rapidly-growing broiler industry runs the risk of following milk into the realm of a disastrous surplus.

Its economic return makes it necessary to breed these birds in vast quantities, for the margin of profit turned over on a poussin or broiler in anything up to 12 weeks must necessarily be small owing to the intensive nature of the very high and expensive protein feed necessary to produce the maximum of flesh in the shortest possible time.

For that reason, houses are installed to hold fifteen thousand to twenty thousand at a time.

It is essentially a job for the specialist, for it has been estimated that two thousand birds form the smallest side-line unit on a general farm which is likely to be worth while.

EXPENDITURE

It calls, moreover, for the closest watch on expenditure and the fullest advantage taken in the scheme of management of every aspect of time and motion study leading to economy.

The average farmer could not be bothered with all this detail. But when the broiler industry has developed, the market is good at the moment, for every effort has been concentrated on making these small birds as cheap and attractive a proposition as possible, polythene-packed, and ready for the oven.

The greatest danger at present is directed towards other forms of poultry enterprise. The broiler specialist is carrying out his job with such super-efficiency that the poultry farmer concentrating on egg production is threatened by a growing reluctance on the part of housewives to support his seasonal marketing of laying hens culled after their first year's period of production.

This could be serious, because the margin of profit on egg sales is small enough already, and the farmer invariably has to rely upon the carcass value of his flock after laying has ceased to make a greater part of his profit.

Household Hints

Add one tablespoon of lemon juice to the water before boiling rice—this will whiten the rice and keep it firm.

Streaks that appear on painted walls after washing can be avoided by adding a little ammonia to the water with which you wipe the walls.

Scrambled eggs are very tasty if a little grated onion and a dash of curry powder are added.

What makes a woman magnetic?



Helena Rubinstein real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk—because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins—Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special—formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones, including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

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STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Why Cats Are Strange

—Hanid and Purr-Purr Get Down to Feline Facts—

By MAX TRELL

"CATS," said Hanid, the Shadow Girl with the Turned About Name, as she sat down on the sunny window-seat with Purr-Purr, the kitten, snugly on her lap, "cats, my dear, are very strange creatures, don't you think?"

Purr-Purr looked up at Hanid but said nothing. Then Hanid remembered that Purr-Purr, though she understood, couldn't talk unless she had the Magic Ribbon around her neck.

Magic Ribbon

So Hanid, reaching into her pocket, took out the Magic Ribbon for the kitten.

No sooner did she place it around Purr-Purr's neck, than Purr-Purr began to speak:

"Cats are strange? Why are cats strange?"

"For many reasons," said Hanid.

"I don't think they're any stranger than dogs or birds or squirrels—or—or anything!"

Purr-Purr said, "they don't really look strange, Cats I mean, but they often do very strange things."

"Such as, for instance, like what?" asked Purr-Purr in a sharp voice; it almost sounded like a squeal made by a cat when a door closes on the end of her tail by accident.

"For instance," said Hanid, "don't you think it's strange, Purr-Purr, that Cats—and you're a small Cat, you know—should always fall on their feet?"

"I don't see anything strange about that," said Purr-Purr. "It's better than falling on your head, isn't it?"

"Oh, much better," said Hanid. "Only how do you cats manage always to fall on your feet instead of on your head?"

"I don't know," said Purr-Purr. "What else is strange about us?"

"Another thing that's strange about Cats," said Hanid, "is that they can see in the dark."

"Yes," said Purr-Purr, "and it's a wonderful trick. Anybody can see in the light. Only Cats—and mice and owls and a few other animals—can see in the dark."

"But how do Cats do it?" asked Hanid.

"I don't know," said Purr-Purr. "What else is strange?"

"And another thing that's strange about Cats," said Hanid, "is that they are always cleaning themselves."

"That's because we Cats are neat," said Purr-Purr.

"And Cats walk without a sound," said Hanid.

"We have cushions on our feet," said Purr-Purr.

Cats Sing

"And Cats sing," said Hanid. "We have beautiful voices," said Purr-Purr.



Purr-Purr looked up at Hanid but said nothing.

"And Cats have whiskers," said Hanid.

"So have lions," said Purr-Purr.

"But the strangest and most curious and most wonderful and funniest and best thing of all about a Cat is the sound that it makes when it's happy," said Hanid.

"You mean purring," said Purr-Purr.

Hanid nodded. "Now how does a Cat do that?"

Purr-Purr didn't answer. She just lay in Hanid's lap and purred.

Kiska Knew Best Of All

BILLY had a beautiful, big dog named Kiska, a Siberian husky.

One day father said, "Kiska is going to have babies."

Billy was so excited he jumped up and down.

"Well, build a nice big doghouse so that the puppies will be warm and comfortable," father said, "and you can help."

They painted the house red and put a soft rug inside. Billy was sure that Kiska would love her nice house. But she didn't seem to.

★ ★ ★

"She just sniffs at it and walks away," Billy cried. He was disappointed.

"She will like it when the pups come," father said. "Then she will want the nice warm house for them."

Finally, when Billy thought he could wait no longer, Kiska had her family. The pups were tiny bundles of fur, just five ounces.

But still the new mother had no use for the house father and Billy had built.

"It's snowing!" Billy cried one morning. "The puppies will freeze."



"Kiska likes her house," Billy cried happily. "She uses it every day now."

—Helen J. Renshaw

Even father was worried. He helped Billy carry the babies back into the doghouse. They patted Kiska and tried to tell her that this was her home. But Kiska had a mind of her own. As soon as she was left alone, out she went again. All day and all night, she kept her puppies under her in a snow bank. The wind blew and it stormed. But Kiska's family was kept outside.

★ ★ ★

One day when father weighed the puppies he found that they now weighed six pounds. They were strong and husky.

"Kiska knew best," a neighbor told them. "The kind of Kiska's birth is very cold. She knew that outside was healthier for her family."

Billy's father read to him from a book about dogs. They learned that in Siberia, where Kiska came from, it sometimes got as cold as 25 degrees below zero.

★ ★ ★

"Kiska thinks our weather is just like the summer," Billy laughed.

Billy laughed again when Kiska suddenly began to sneeze. She sneezed and sneezed. He stood up and at it. You see, she wanted her babies to know that the doghouse was still her home. But Kiska had a mind of her own. She knew that outside was healthier for her family. The puppies couldn't get to her.

Rupert and the Truant—26



After peering from Podge, Rupert is making his way home when, on rounding a corner, he just catches sight of a tiny foot disappearing through a low gateway. "What can that have been?" he thinks. "It was too small for a child." The curiously getting the better of him,



he follows beyond the hedge. At first he can see nothing strange, but an odd little noise attracts him to the corner of the hedge, and to his amazement, a familiar black face appears, smiling green, more cheerfully at him.

HOW HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

1. MAKE PAPER BAGS WITH EYE HOLES. NUMBER BAGS GIRLS ARE TO WEAR.

2. WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT, PUT SLIPS IN HAT WITH SAME NUMBERS AS ON BAGS. BOYS SELECT SNACK PARTNERS BY DRAWING GIRLS NAMES!

3. WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT, PUT SLIPS IN HAT WITH SAME NUMBERS AS ON BAGS. BOYS SELECT SNACK PARTNERS BY DRAWING GIRLS NAMES!

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12. WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT, PUT SLIPS IN HAT WITH SAME NUMBERS AS ON BAGS. BOYS SELECT SNACK PARTNERS BY DRAWING GIRLS NAMES!

WHEN ICE CREAM IS SERVED

THE SPOONS OF PARTNERS TOGETHER WITH A GUNGLONG STRONG GIVE PARTNERS WHO FINISH FIRST PRIZE

1. WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT, PUT SLIPS IN HAT WITH SAME NUMBERS AS ON BAGS. BOYS SELECT SNACK PARTNERS BY DRAWING GIRLS NAMES!

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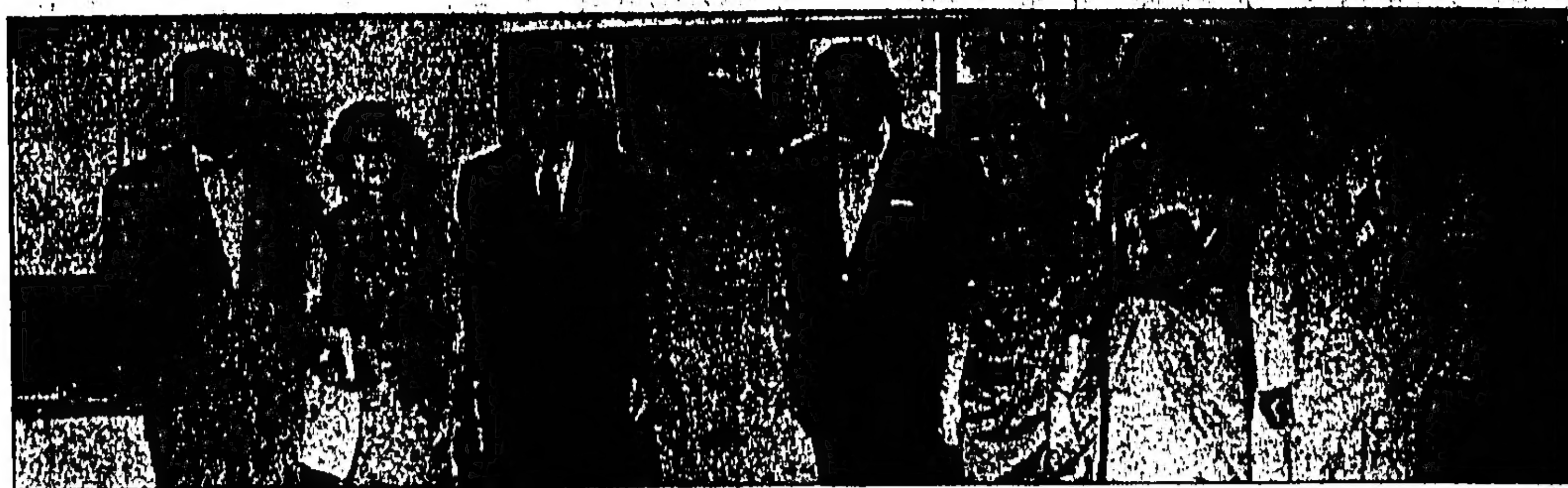
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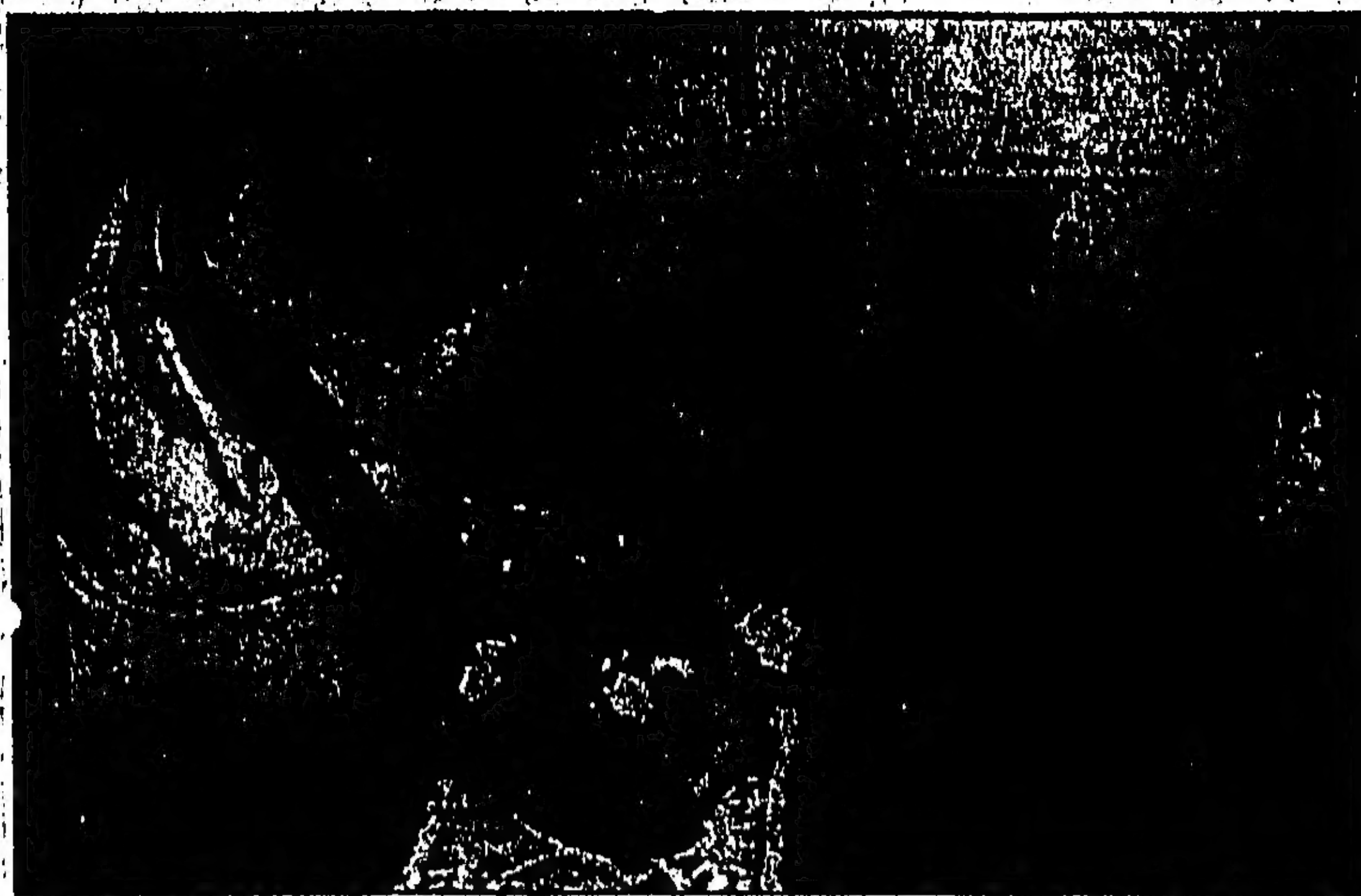


YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHALL INSECTICIDES





★ ★ ★
LEFT: At the Kadoorie School Parent-Teacher Association's dinner for its retiring president, Mr. J. S. Ackber. Seen (l-r) are Mr. A. R. Abbas, Mrs. Abbas, Mr. I. Kitchell, Mrs. Kitchell, Miss H. Curran and Mr. S. A. Ramjahn.
★ ★ ★



★
ABOVE: The Ikebana International (Hongkong chapter) held a meeting this week at which Japanese flower arrangements were exhibited. Seen is one of the members arranging a display.
★



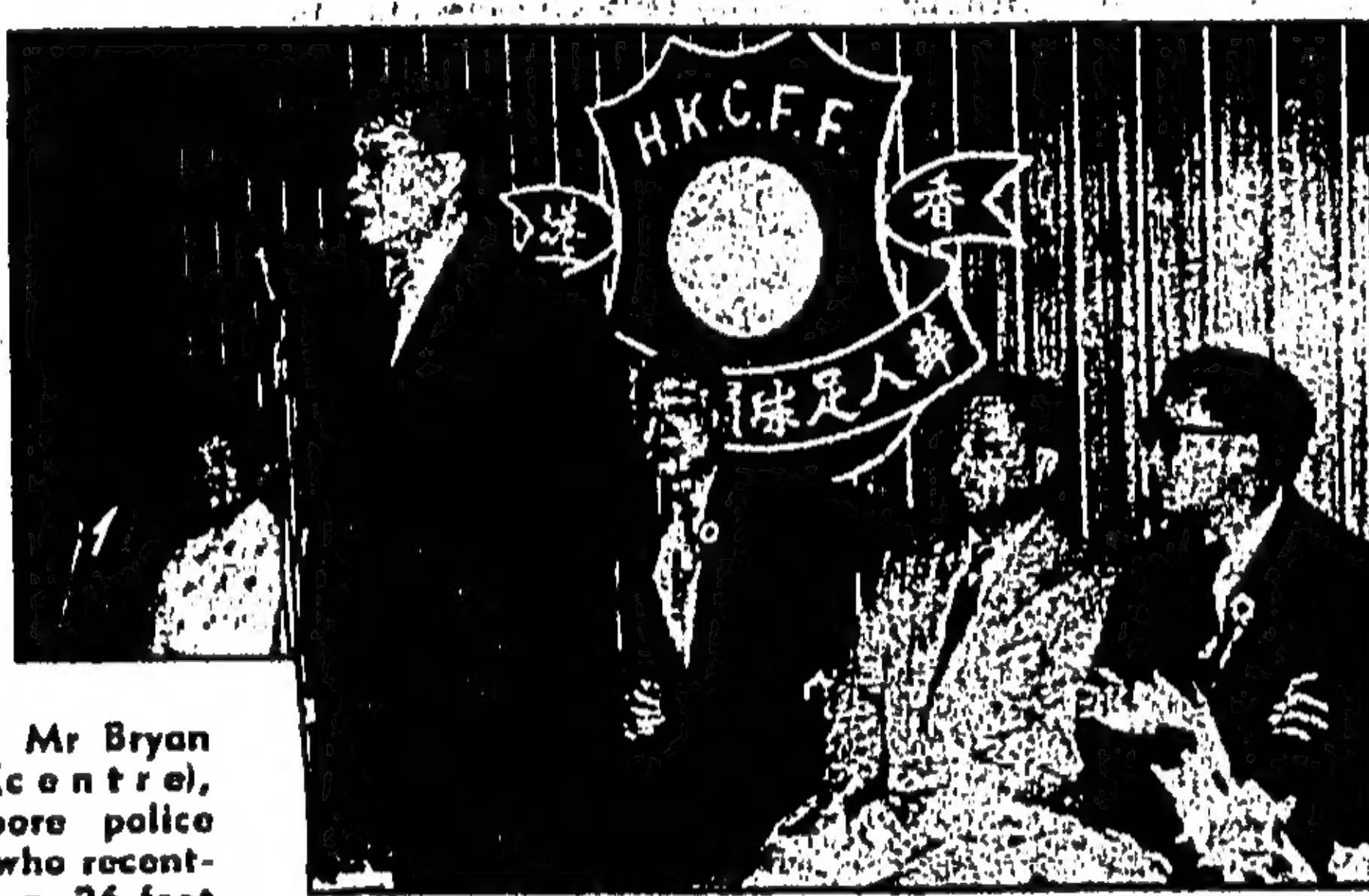
★
LEFT: At the cocktail party marking the centenary of the New Zealand Insurance Company, Ltd., held recently. Seen are Mr. L. H. Robinson (manager) and Mrs. Robinson, on left, greeting a guest.
★



★
RIGHT: Mr. Kaka Karamchand, director of O. K. Gidumal and Watamull Ltd., seen at a cocktail party given last week celebrating his 50 years of residence in Hongkong.
★



★
ABOVE LEFT: Mr. Bryan Bleasdale (centre), former Singapore police radio officer, who recently set sail in a 26-foot sloop from Hongkong on a two-year solo voyage around the world, poses with Mr. Lo To (left) and Mr. Lo Sum of the Cheoy Lee Shipyard, builders of the boat.
★



★
ABOVE RIGHT: Mr. Kwok Chan (standing) addresses the gathering at the opening ceremony of the Chinese Football Fraternity's club house this week.
★



★
LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Jean Marc Lador cut the cake at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel recently. The bride is the former Miss Rita Marie Baleros.
★



★
RIGHT: A salesman shows his wares to two of the 307 tourists who arrived in Hongkong recently on board the Australian cruise ship Kanimbla.
★



★
LEFT: Mrs. L. G. Morgan, wife of the deputy Director of Education, gets a bouquet for distributing prizes at the Colony's first inter-collegiate debating contest held at the New Asia College last week.
★

★
RIGHT: Amanda, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rene Bouricot, seen in the arms of her mother following her christening at Rosary Church, Kowloon, recently.
★



★
LEFT BELOW: Speaking at the inauguration of the Kowloon Women's Welfare Club, held at the King Wah Restaurant recently, is Mrs. J. C. McDouall.
★

★
BELOW: Mr. W. H. E. Colledge (right) was given a farewell party by the Revenue Inspectors of the Commerce and Industry Department in the Revenue Inspectors mess on May 30. Mr. Colledge has retired from the C & I Department after 24 years of service.
★



★
LEFT: Seen at the recent opening of the annual YWCA bazaar (l-r) Mrs. J. C. McDouall, Mrs. Kwok Chan and Mrs. Li Shu-pul.
★

★
EXTREME LEFT: Saying goodbye to the Civil Aviation Department's Mr. O. F. Hamilton at Kai Tak recently is Mr. Fung Ping-fan, who left by CPAL for the United States.
★ ★ ★

News Pictures
By
China Mail
Photographers
★ ★ ★

★
LEFT: At the cocktail reception in honour of the new Commissioner for India, Mr. P. M. de Mello Karmali, seen (l-r) are Mr. Karmali, Mr. P. P. Gohel, Mr. T. H. Barmu and Mr. K. M. S. Abdel Cader.
★



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★ ★ ★
RIGHT: Seen at the Italian National Day reception recently (l-r): Mrs G. Bertuccioli, wife of the Italian Vice-Consul; Dr Adalberto Figarolo di Grapello, Italian Consul-General; Miss Barbara Black, and Sir Robert Black, the Governor.



★ ★ ★
RIGHT, Mr. Thomas P. Dillon (extreme right), former Executive Officer of the U. S. Consulate-General in the Colony, and Mrs Dillon left by air recently for San Francisco on reassignment. Seen at the airport are (l-r) Mr. J. J. Chappell, Mr Ken Calloway and Mrs Dillon.



LEFT: Mr Kwok Chan gets a bouquet from little Miss Fai Kwong after he had presented certificates to St John Ambulance Brigade nurses at the Brigade's headquarters in Kowloon recently.

EXTREME LEFT: Mr H. A. Angus (left) chats with Dr S. N. Chau at a dinner given in his honour recently by the Chinese Manufacturers' Association. Mr Angus, Director of Commerce and Industry, is leaving shortly on home leave.



LEFT: The victorious Chinese team who beat Great Britain in the International Charity Cup final on Tuesday night at the Club Stadium pose for our photographer with the coveted cup in the foreground.

BELOW: Mr and Mrs Murli Tarachand snapped at their wedding reception this week. The marriage took place in Bombay, and the couple arrived in the Colony recently for their honeymoon.



LEFT: Young Raul Kodriguez (left), winner of a round-the-world trip in the seventh "Voice of Democracy" oratorical contest sponsored by P.I. Jaycees, is interviewed by newsmen when he arrived recently at Kai Tak Airport.

LEFT: Two of the 300 "grand old residents" of Hongkong who were entertained this week at a Chinese dinner given by the Five Districts Business Welfare Association at the Riviera Restaurant.



ABOVE: The Hongkong Chinese Reform Association last Saturday held a cocktail party to celebrate the 10th anniversary of its foundation. Seen (l-r) are Mr. Tam Chin-leung, Mr. Percy Chen, Mr. Chan Kuen-poo and Mr Kwok Bun.

RIGHT: Mr. John M. Steeves, U.S. Consul-General, lays a wreath during the Memorial Day ceremony at the Sai Wan military cemetery last week.



★ LEFT: Mrs. Lui Choi Sing-wah (left) and Mrs. D. MacCullum giving a demonstration of Chinese shadow boxing before members of the English-Speaking Department of the YWCA recently.

★ ABOVE: Singing by little tots at one of the highlights of the programme of entertainment celebrating Children's Day on Sunday at the Liberty Theatre.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black (in civilian clothes) watches the changing of the guard at Government House last Saturday when the Hongkong Regiment took over for 24 hours on the occasion of the foundation day of the Regiment.

LEFT: Miss Janet Lucey, director of the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service, is met by Dean Temple at Kai Tek Airport on Sunday.

RIGHT: A member of the Pak Hok Athletic Association performing the Lion Dance during the recent YMCA annual bazaar. The Pak Hok performers were under the direction of Mr. Chan Shui-kwong.



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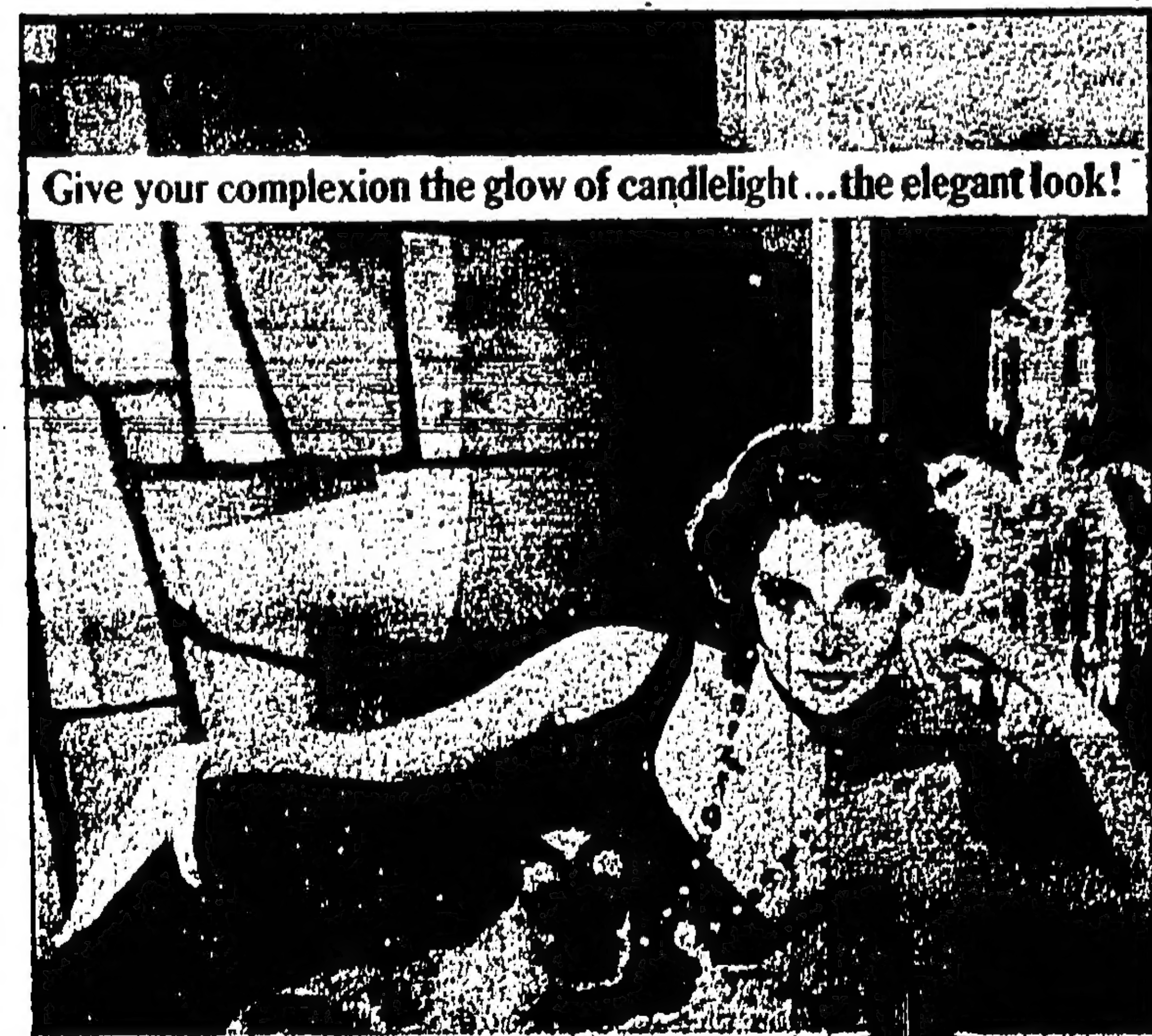
It's the kind of freedom any woman can share. Freedom from the confining belt-pin-pad harness. Freedom from chafing discomfort. You don't even feel the Tampax once it's in place. Freedom from embarrassing odors. Freedom from the disposal problem you always have with external pads. Freedom to take baths, take showers, even go swimming while wearing Tampax.

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Colleens Tire Of Waiting Game

By DON O'HIGGINS

GOOD wages, bright lights and wedding bells are luring Ireland's colleens across the Atlantic — and Eliza's bachelor surplus doesn't like it at all.

The steady flow of young girls to Canada and the United States has posed a problem, one that the reluctant male dislikes but, apparently, is not prepared to solve.

Government officials believe the emigration trend is downward, but there are no reliable figures to support this.

One factor causing concern is the traditional slowness of Irishmen to take brides. "Sure, he's only 30 years of age," is a common cry. "He's still a bit young to get married."

For years, Premier Eamon de Valera has been trying to break down this idea, asking elderly farmers to hand over the land to their sons so that they could support a wife.

It hasn't worked that way. Today, sons and daughters on Irish farms still must work as unpaid labourers. They get pocket money for a Saturday night, but very few are in a position to set up on their own.

Increasingly, many girls are tired of waiting. Prospects of an early marriage across the seas has denuded the rural areas of young women.

In Britain, the U.S. and Canada, these girls get married and write home, telling of the wonders of the new world and urging others to follow.

drive to make Ireland's rural areas more attractive has been launched by the government with the help of parish councils. Dance halls, social meeting places, cinemas are springing up around the country to provide the long-awaited "relaxation" the girls have been banking after.

But the problem of the reluctant male can't be settled by government planning. Traditionally cautious, the Irishman sees no point in "rushing" into marriage. A magazine summer it up with a cartoon showing a young farmer talking to his girl friend. "I'll marry you yet, but not for 10 years time," he says. "There's no need to be in a hurry about these things."

Figuratively Speaking, Perfection Is Varied

By JEANNE D'ARCY

A TROUBLED reader wants statistics. "What are the measurements for the ideal figure?" she asks.

We're not even going to attempt an answer to this question.

Individual Cases

Where measurements are concerned, it's clearly a matter of each case being considered individually on its own merits. Measurements are only part of the story. Weight counts, too, as does height and bone structure.

You can't say the ideal figure is 36, 26, 36 (bust, waist, hips) because there are many females famed for their figures, who measure up differently.

Boyish or Girlish?

Actually, when it comes to a question of the female figure, it's pretty much a case of beauty being in the eye of the beholder. Some people prefer the high fashion figure—slim, flat, boyish. Others, for girlish curves, a la Marilyn Monroe.

A figure that's a happy medium—neither too flat nor too full—is apt to be the best bet for the average woman. Generally speaking, many men prefer a few curves as opposed to boyish fitness. On the other hand, while they admire curves on beauty queens, they prefer wives and dates with more subtle measurements.

No woman needs a chart to figure out whether she's in good shape or not. A scale will tell, quick as can be, whether she's weighing in heavier than usual. And a good head-to-toe three-way mirror offers positive proof of whether a woman measures up or not.



WORRIED about your weight? Step on a scale to find out if you need to diet.

If you think certain measurements need trimming, exercise them away and, at the same time, keep counts on calories and shed whatever pounds needed to give you a figure that's perfect for your height, bone structure and measurements.

If you're really overweight and need extensive reducing, do it the wise way. Instead of going on a fast diet, get off to the right start by consulting your doctor. If you have any plans as to exercise or massage or special diet, ask his advice before you follow them.

A Child Starting School May Have More Illness

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M. D.

SO YOUR little youngster is going off to school for the first time this year.

That's fine; he's growing up. He's getting out into the world. But there are such things as colds, measles, chickenpox and the like that could develop.

On the average, in most areas, absence from school because of illness increases through November and December. It drops late in January or early February and then rises again until late April or May. By the time next June and vacation rolls around, most of the youngsters are feeling fine.

MORE ILLNESSES

Well, to be blunt about it, it probably will mean that for a time, at least, he may have more colds and other childhood illnesses than he has ever had before.

This is especially true if this is the first time he has been associated regularly with a large group of children. He is going to come into contact with other youngsters, some of whom are bound to have occasional germs here and there.

Now I certainly don't mean to imply that our schools are great sources of disease. They aren't, of course. But any time your youngster associates with a group of others there is a

chance that he is going to be hit by some mild illnesses.

Of course he has had all his Salk anti-polio inoculations by this time, we hope, so there is no need to worry about this.

But there are such things as colds, measles, chickenpox and the like that could develop.

On the average, in most areas, absence from school because of illness increases through November and December. It drops late in January or early February and then rises again until late April or May. By the time next June and vacation rolls around, most of the youngsters are feeling fine.

TYPES OF AILMENTS

A large number of the absences are due to respiratory infections. Intestinal upsets also account for a sizable portion of the absences.

In late spring, of course, chickenpox and measles keep

a great many children from classes. Generally, mumps appear sporadically throughout the year.

Then there are such things as fever of unknown origin, skin infections, allergies, hepatitis and all sorts of things which do not appear with any regularity.

SMALL PERCENTAGE

Surprisingly, accidents and injuries are responsible for only a small percentage of absences. Now what can you do to bolster your child's attendance record?

Well, the most important thing is to keep up his general health. And to do that you must establish good health habits around the home.

Give him nourishing meals, make sure he gets adequate rest and relaxation and get him up early enough so he is not hurried and can eat a leisurely breakfast.

Have Something To Say But Be A Good Listener



SHE LOOKS INTERESTED and, says French-born Elokia Chereau, Hollywood newswoman, that's the big secret of success.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

THERE'S one thing every man in the world likes: a woman who is a good listener.

But how many girls are? They dash out on a date and proceed to take over vocally.

Does Harry care about what happened in the office? Is he interested in the details of Mary's new romance? Is he bored by gossip? You bet!

Centre of Interest

A man enjoys holding the centre of the floor and, like it or not, this is something every girl should learn if she wants to be popular!

The quiet little mouse sometimes wins out over the glamorous vocal beauty because she listens. Maybe it's because she doesn't have very much to say anyway, but that's not the point. She's an audience, some-

thing every man goes for in a big way.

But listening doesn't mean keeping your mouth clamped tight shut all night long. Not on your life! A good listener is a person who:

a. Looks interested.

b. Makes comments.

c. Asks questions but, d. Lets the speaker hold the floor.

Sympathetic Audience

Men like to talk, but they like to feel their audience is sympathetic. The girl who says nothing at all is just as much of a social washout as the girl who talks too much, is too witty, too amusing.

The comments a man we know made about two girls rather sums up the subject. "Jill?" he said. "She should have been a senator. She knows how to filibuster."

"Mary? A date with her's no fun. Who enjoys a monologue?"

HOW TO LIVE AGAIN

By LILLIE PITTS

FIFTEEN years ago, Elena Zelazeta went blind. Eighteen months later her husband, Lawrence, was killed in an auto accident.

Today, at 61, this vivacious little woman is a popular lecturer, owner of a small frozen foods firm, and author of a new cookbook that explores the spicy delight of Mexican eating.

In spite of heartbreak and handicap, Mrs. Zelazeta discovered the recipe for a full, rich life. She sums it up as "learn to co-operate with the inevitable."

Left with her young sons, Lawrence, Jr., and Bill to support, she turned to her one talent, cooking. She and her husband had operated a Mexican restaurant in San Francisco.

"My main handicap in learning to cook again was not blindness but fear," said Mrs. Zelazeta. "I was especially afraid of the stove and knives. But now when anyone asks me if I ever burn or cut myself, I have to laugh. After all, doesn't everyone now and then?"

Gradually, Mrs. Zelazeta developed new kitchen techniques, through sound and feel. She learned to separate eggs by letting them slide across her palm, to "feel" the correct heat of the oven, to time her recipes by radio announcements.

Real Mother

"Most important, I was able to take care of my boys," she added. "I could feel that I was being a real mother even if I did spill spinach all over Billy's face when I fed him."

It was not long before she was asked to start the first cooking school at the San Francisco centre for the blind. Since then, she has taught hundreds of similarly handicapped persons to conquer their fears in the kitchen.

Mrs. Zelazeta is never too busy to invite two or three friends in for dinner. She will use any excuse to throw a party.

Gift Of Love

"To me, serving a dinner to a friend is a gift of love. If you tell me not to go to extra work, likely as not I won't be able to resist fixing turkey with mole sauce just to show I love you," she said.

Mole sauce, she explained, contains about 20 ingredients and takes nearly a day to cook. It is said to have originated in a Mexican convent where the sisters were preparing a special feast. Because they wanted to give it their best, they kept adding ingredients, including chili and even chocolate.

One may wonder how she found time to write "Elena's Secret of Mexican Cooking," but anyone who has ever yearned to make delicious Mexican dishes at home will understand.

Besides a simplified recipe for mole sauce, which has not lost the original flavour, the book includes popular Mexican dishes such as chile, tacos and enchiladas.

There is also a wide variety of lesser known specialties such as sopa de espumas, "foam soup," because it is so light, fluff, a favourite Spanish custard dessert, dozens of sauces, enchiladas and south-of-the-border cocktails.

FIRE... and how to cope with it

By PATRICIA McCORMACK

IT'S the middle of the night.

For a reason you don't comprehend, you're tossing and nearly awake.

You draw in a deep breath and get ready to jump. Instinctively, you shake your husband and tell him:

"The house is on fire."

If next, you bolt out of the bedroom, you might be signing a death sentence for the family.

According to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, you or your husband should place a palm against the door. If the door is hot, the hall is filled with deadly heated fumes waiting to choke the life out of you.

If the door is not hot, assume other members of the family are shouting. If there's a shout in your bedroom, call the fire department.

Hang out of the window and try to arouse the neighbours as a passer-by.

If the palm-test tells you the door isn't hot place one foot at the bottom, bracing it. Open the door enough to stretch one arm into the hall to feel the heat.

If it isn't abnormally hot, then you can feel relatively safe about leaving the bedroom and hurrying other members of the family out of the house.

When you wiggle your arm through the door for the heat test, keep your face inside and turned away from the door. If there are deadly fumes, you will get less of them.

Every family, according to the Board, should have a fire escape plan well rehearsed and under-

stood by all members of the family.

If the bedrooms are on the second floor, think out two emergency exits. It is unlikely that both will be blocked.

Night fires may start when oily rags, packed in an attic cupboard, smoulder and break into flames. This is spontaneous combustion. The same thing can happen to stacks of papers heaped against the furnace or near the hot-water heater.

If someone's clothing catches on fire, smother the flame with a rug, coat or blanket. Do this head-first. Otherwise, you force the flames up toward the face.

In the kitchen, grease-laden stoves and ovens are a hazard. If a grease fire breaks out, don't

throw water on it. That will only make it burn more.

If the grease fire is in a pan, put a lid on it or throw handfuls of baking soda or salt on the fire.

Dr. Berwyn F. Mattison, director of the American Public Health Association, urging alertness on the bedside table, said: "Accidents such as these now represent a significant cause of illness and death as the diphtheria germ, three decades ago, just as virulent as a community-wide attack is justified."

"And there is no reason why our combined effort at control should fail to be equally effective."

Combined effort, figures on "effort" from you—and you—and you—in preventing more than 5,000 needless deaths a year.

SHOW BUSINESS
IN AMERICA

Jayne Mansfield... a fantastic home, nine dogs, and one burning ambition in life—to be a film star.

Roderick Mann

Just who is this man
Kenneth More? asks
Miss Mansfield

JAYNE MANSFIELD lives in a shocking-pink house on Sunset Boulevard, and the first time I saw it—driving home at night after a party—Alcoholics Anonymous (California Branch) nearly gained a new recruit.

"It's always like that, the first time," counselled an American friend. "But one gets used to it in time."

I am not so sure. Having just paid my first visit to the Mansfield menage (in the late afternoon, when I am usually less colour-conscious than at other times) I am still stunned by it all.

When I drove through the electrically-operated gates, my eyes protected by a pair of General MacArthur-size sunglasses, Jayne was running herself outside the house in a bikini. Mickey Hartley, her husband, was down at the bottom of the garden building a mountain.

"Hey, there, and hello," cried Jayne.

She said she was pleased to see me, and four of her nine dogs began eating my ankles.

"To show that they were pleased too."

When they'd reduced my shoes to a pulp and lost interest I asked about the mountain.

"Oh, that," said Jayne. "That's going to be an exact replica of Christ of the Andes—the mountain in South America with a statue of Christ on top. Mine won't be quite as big, but the effect will be the same. Now take what's left of your shoes off."

THE MOST EXOTIC

The pulped creepers discarded, she proceeded to lead me at great speed through the pink house... past the fountains in the living room, in and out of the black-and-gold bathrooms, past the marble-topped dining table which seats 40, through the private bathroom with walls lined with white fur...

Eventually, exhausted, I sank on to a pink heart-shaped bath. This, without doubt, was the most fantastic, bizarre, and exotic of all the Hollywood homes I had visited. A real film-star's house. Occupied, fittingly, by a cosy kid with one burning ambition in life—to be a film star.

"Nobody," I said, "can be earning enough money to pay for all this. You must be stealing it."

"No," she said, "but we have put everything we've got into it. I shall have to go on working for ever."

"What are you doing now?"

"Well," she said, "I've got my cabaret act in Las Vegas. And I do lots of personal appearances."

who'll contribute something to a film, you know."

"I know," I said.

And she smiled.

I had an appointment with John Wayne at his Hollywood office. After 30 years in films Wayne is now a producer himself, and a rich man.

From his latest picture, *The Horse Soldiers*, he will reportedly reap £250,000—plus 20 per cent of the profits.

He put his big feet on his big desk and said: "This is a cock-eyed business. You can never tell. I once had an actor under contract. He was 6ft. 7in. so tall that people like Glenn Ford just wouldn't act with him. So he never made any pictures."

Then one day I was offered the lead in a new TV cowboy series. I couldn't do it, so I suggested this character.

"Do you know what the big idiot came and said? 'I can't do it—it may ruin my career!'"

"I got mad at him. 'What career?' I said. 'You haven't got one. You've got to do it.'"

He took his feet down.

"His name was James Arness. The series was *Gunsling*. Now look at him."

ANY OFFERS?

Sharrman Douglas—Princess Margaret's old friend—is a familiar figure out here.

Sharrman now works for a publicity office in Hollywood, and is probably unique among publicists in that her own scrapbook from her London days is considerably larger than those of any of the celebrities her office handles.

I told her, if she were going to do publicity work, I was surprised she hadn't been offered a public relations post at Buckingham Palace.

"After all," I said, "you know the people."

Said Miss Douglas: "Funny—I never thought of that."

—(London Express Service).

INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS

by John Lambert and Peter Evans

A GIRL'S
BACK IS
HER
SECOND
FRONT!

THE BACK DOUGH—WHICH STUNNED THEM.

THE most striking back in London today belongs to Coral Browne, star of the new comedy hit *"The Pleasure of his Company."* It is delectably sheathed in black by top fashion designer Pierre Balmain. And the point that makes it provocative is that Miss Browne's back is mostly bare.

The trend started again when Janet Leigh got her dress torn in *"The Vikings."* As Miss Leigh was playing a princess at the time the sex-appeal had to be more subtle than usual. So it was the back of her regal dress that got ripped by Kirk Douglas.

That dress!

Now it seems that the days when a girl carried all before her have had a revival. Even such diehards as Kim Novak and Marilyn Monroe have decided on plunging backlines. And publicity-hungry Hollywood, red-hot Vikki Dougan was just another statistic until she turned up at Victor Borge's opening night in Las Vegas wearing the now-famous scandalous décolletage dress.



THE BACK BROWNE—AS CORAL SHOWS HER DRESS DOWN.



THE BACK NOVAK—AS KIM JOINS A CURRENT TREND.

Although Hollywood laughed, over chiffon. It cost £200. It produced 'look notice'. Soon 'is made slightly' more discreet Miss Dougan was busy making by a vapour of black chiffon a career of exciting exits. And over the back-plunge.

In her latest film, *"Tunnel of Love,"* she is playing in the distinguished star company of *"Daisy Day"* and *"Richard Widmark."*

Miss Browne's particular model is of black-matte jersey that

JACOBY... BRIDGE

TAKE a look at the West hand only. The game is duplicate and you open one heart with no one vulnerable. North doubles. East bids two hearts. South two spades and you jump to four hearts. North bids four spades and it is passed around to you.

trumps and lose one diamond trick.

The alarm was definitely not bid-
dable, however, and could not be
made against a spade lead in any
event.

NORTH 25

♠ K 10 8 7

♥ 9 4

♦ K

♣ K Q 7 5 4 3

WEST (D)

♠ A J

♥ A K 10 8 7 3

♦ J 10 8 5

♣ A

EAST

♠ 6 2

♥ Q 8 5

♦ A 10 8 7 3

♣ 10 8 2

SOUTH

♠ Q 9 5 4 3

♥ J 6

♦ Q 4 2

♣ J 10 6

No one vulnerable

West North East South

1♥ Double 2♥ 4♠

4♥ 4♠ Pass Pass

Double Pass Pass Pass

Opening lead—4♠

incalculable

MEANS RISK

incalculable constitutes the
improvement in the me-
chanical watch equiva-
lent. Every watch equiva-
lent has its mechanism pro-
cess working and accurate

What do you do? Marshall Mills of San Bernardino doubled and opened his singleton ace of clubs. North put down the dummy and thanked him for his nice lead.

Marshall replied, "I wasn't trying to help you" and proceeded to set the hand three tricks. It wasn't difficult. He simply let a diamond to his partner's ace and ruffed the club return. Then he cashed the ace and king of hearts and ace of trumps for a three trick set.

The game was duplicate, as mentioned, and the 500 points gave Marshall a top score.

Strangely enough all other West's played the hand at four hearts and made six. North either passed throughout or overcalled with two clubs but always opened the king of clubs whereupon all declarers had to do to make six was to draw

4-CARD SPADES

Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♠ Double 2♥ 4♠
Pass 3♠ 3♠
Pass

You North lead:
♠ A K 10 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♥ Q 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♦ K 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♣ A K 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

What do you do? You lead the ♠ A and cash the ♠ K. You then lead the ♠ Q and cash the ♠ J. You then lead the ♠ 10 and cash the ♠ 9. You then lead the ♠ 8 and cash the ♠ 7. You then lead the ♠ 6 and cash the ♠ 5. You then lead the ♠ 4 and cash the ♠ 3. You then lead the ♠ 2 and cash the ♠ A.

What do you do? You lead the ♠ A and cash the ♠ K. You then lead the ♠ Q and cash the ♠ J. You then lead the ♠ 10 and cash the ♠ 9. You then lead the ♠ 8 and cash the ♠ 7. You then lead the ♠ 6 and cash the ♠ 5. You then lead the ♠ 4 and cash the ♠ 3. You then lead the ♠ 2 and cash the ♠ A.

THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

Gordon's
Standards Supreme

Sole Distributors: DOWD & COMPANY LIMITED

I ALWAYS
DRINK

Carnation

All children need nourishing food. Give it to them in the nicest way, by using lots of Carnation Milk in drinks and cereals.

Remember Carnation is always the same uniform quality, whole cows milk condensed to double richness. All the food values are retained. Proteins for body building, Fats, minerals and vitamins for health and energy.



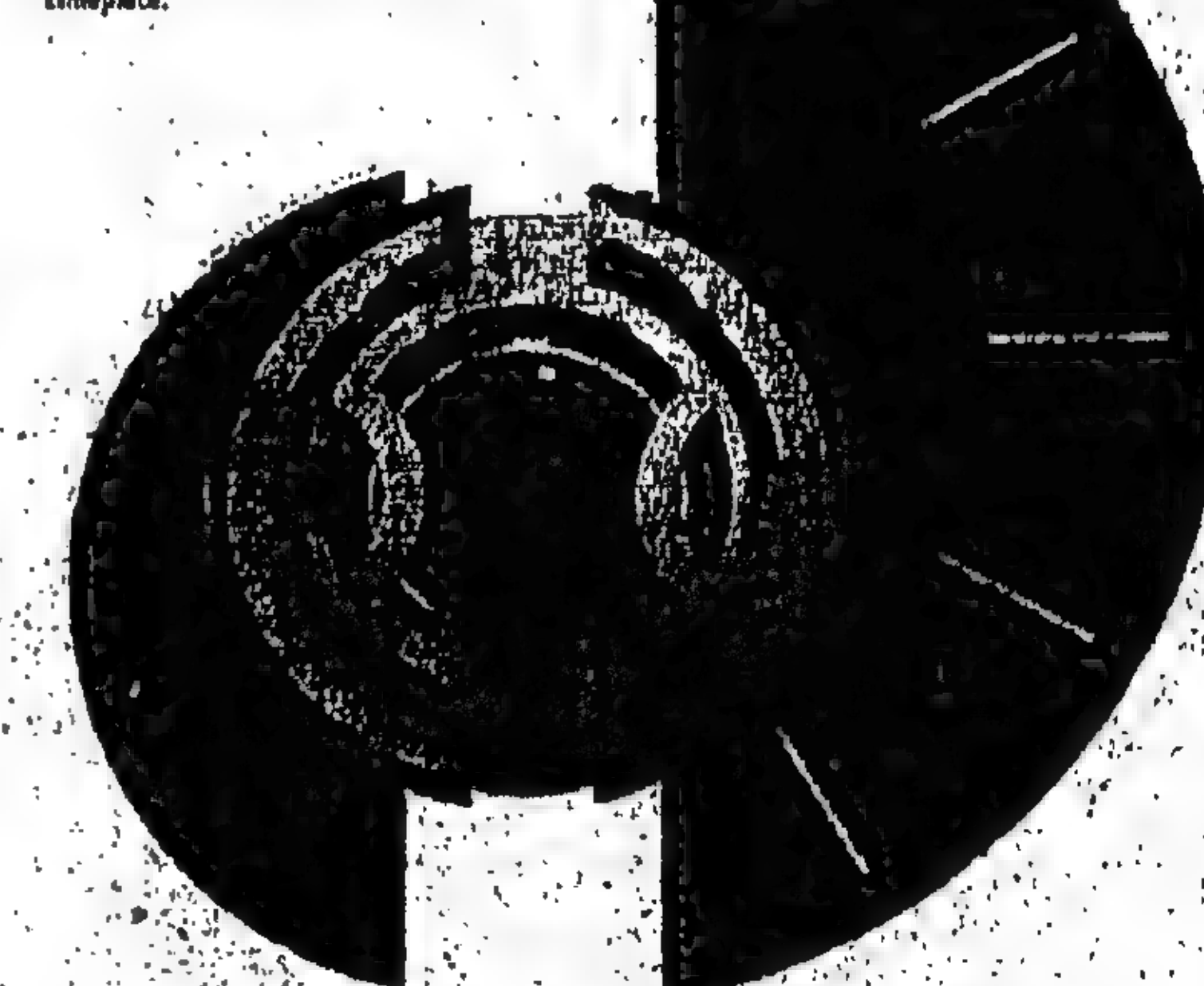
Carnation

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MEANS RELIABILITY AND ACCURACY

Incabloc constitutes the most important improvement in the modern watch industry. Every watch equipped with Incabloc has its mechanism protected from shock, its working and accuracy ensured.

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THE CHINA MAIL INVITES A STORMY YOUNG AMERICAN WRITER TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIMSELF....

Because his impact on the world of books is mounting

PEOPLE of outstanding talents, which set them apart even in the highly-competitive fields in which they work—these are the subjects sought by the China Mail to give their personal attitudes to their careers and the world. Today, in an interview with JOHN CRUESEMAN, the speaker is a fast-rising force among novelists commanding attention in many lands outside his native America.

by TRUMAN CAPOTE

THE chief thing in life is to learn to appreciate your enemies—as much as to love your friends. Having enemies develops a certain toughness, like the sharp skin of a barracuda, and gives you strength so that mentally you become more alert and agile.

I was born 30 years ago in New Orleans and raised in various parts of the South. I was always rude and fond of telling people the truth: something most people find unendurable. A certain violence of attitude in the South brings this about. Yet for all that, the South has a nostalgia for me because it has a cohesion and a definite "culture" which the rest of the United States lacks.

No jumble

One of the things that makes the United States exciting is its jumbled population. Now the South is not a jumble. It's like a European country. It has unity. That is one reason why it has produced so many writers of quality.

When Europeans think of American writers they usually think of Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Faulkner. Not so. Do you realize that most of the front-rank names in American literature really are Southerners? Take Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, Tennessee Williams, Carson McCullers, Erskine Caldwell—although he gets no high marks from me.

In just the same way the average American rates Somerset Maugham, the outstanding living writer of Britain, whereas they have not really heard of E. M. Forster. And while I consider Maugham admirable, he is not quite in the same sphere as the excellent Mr. Forster.

I lived my childhood in the South: winters in New Orleans, summers in Alabama and Georgia. I learned to read at a pre-school age, and afterwards reached for worlds, at any rate, atmospheres, beyond the Southern mental-landscape, which I instinctively felt was my enemy.

I have been an individualist ever since my first day at school. I have always lived the life I liked. I have never skipped a pulse beat over what others thought.

People who "play the game" can often win. But they lose all the same because the most important thing is to remain yourself, and you cannot always do that by conforming.

My education has been rather do-it-yourself. To this day I cannot recite the alphabet or the multiplication tables. I think it is because the first teacher in the first school I went to used to slap my palms with a ruler when I made a mistake on these matters. So I just refused to learn them.

I suppose it was the beginning of rebellion. Perhaps the savage lady did me a favour.

Loathed

The last school I went to I loathed the headmaster. I had already started writing short stories when I was 14. They weren't too bad. Anyway, some of them were published.

When a national contest was held for the best short story produced by a schoolboy, the dreary master was certain I would win the prize and provide him with a little glory. So I never went to the school again.

My first—and last—regular job was with the New Yorker magazine when I was 17. I was engaged on the Talk of the Town pages, but unfortunately I looked so young that they never dared send me out on any assignments. After leaving this steady job I "retired" to a Louisiana farm

for two years, and there I wrote my first book, "Other Voices, Other Rooms." It was enough of a success that I have since been able to write what I chose to and at my own pace, which is slow.

My ambition is to write a firm, clear prose that involves readers in a world of my own making which is at the same time somewhere in their world too.

I have lived in a great number of places, and by lived I mean really had a house and stayed there: in Greece, in Italy, Spain, Africa, and the West Indies. I have travelled extensively in the Orient, and over a period of years stayed four months in Russia.

A myth

Four months in Russia is like four years anywhere else. For one thing the day-to-day business of existing is so very tiring. Just getting a meal in a restaurant—no one cares especially whether they serve you or not; often you spend as long as two hours coaxing a meal out of the kitchen. Now it is all very well dawdling two hours over lunch in France. But Soviet cooking is not quite so compensatory.

How good it is to find England full of Angry Young Men and Women. These people have talent and something to say.

A few nights ago I saw the film "Room at the Top." It's first rate. Some of the younger men and women here have undefeatable vitality. Not so the equivalent "Beat" generation of writers in America. The fact is most of them are not writers at all. They are typists.

They believe in "automatic" writing, ostensibly for therapeutic reasons. But there is a difference between art and therapy. It is a myth though that American is as the Russians say, "Nye Kultur." If anything, they are too culture-conscious.

'Make the roses soft' the 'ghost' told Anne Heywood

by JOHN LAMBERT

ANNE HEYWOOD, the screen actress who wants to be a pop singer, huddled nervously on a high stool as she heard the results of her first recording session.

Said she: "I don't think I have ever felt so alone as I did in front of that microphone."

Miss Heywood, 25 and darkly delectable, is usually a very assured girl. She has needed to be, to notch up her present rating as the actress most in demand by British film studios,

from her beginnings as a beauty queen.

But her willowy figure and her wide blue eyes could not help her in the recording studio. "When you sing the word 'roses,'" said the disembodied voice of the recording manager in the control room, "sing it



NERVOUS MOMENTS

softly. You are fine when it comes to 'roses', but your roses are too hard." Heywood nodded humbly. "That is the difficulty," she said. "As an actress you get used to using the visual assets that God, the director, and the make-up men have given you. Here all the personality you have has to be poured into your voice. It's far from easy."

The top rank chiefs are impressed with Miss Heywood's progress. They are even more impressed by her determination. It was that quality that got her the recording contract. She was cast as a night-club singer in "The Heart of Man," the new film in which she co-stars with Frankie Vaughan.

"Naturally, we can dub your voice," she was assured. "If I play the part," retorted Miss Heywood, "I do the singing myself."

She did too with surprising smoothness. Now her first disc "Love Is," will be released next month.



ANNE HEYWOOD—"I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER FELT SO ALONE."

Who really held sway behind the door of No. 10?

skimmed, with only slight mental exertion.

In pursuit

THE POWERS BEHIND THE PRIME MINISTERS. By Sir Charles Petrie. MacGibbon and Kee. 21s.

by George Malcolm Thomson

SIR CHARLES PETRIE brings them blinking into the sunlight which, in their days of power and glory, they were careful to avoid. They are the personal assistants of most of the Prime Ministers between Disraeli and Chamberlain.

But for the most fierce and influential of the men of Petrie's list is J. S. Sandars, private secretary to the latest Prime Minister in the whole modern history of Britain, Arthur Balfour.

"One has heard of the New Woman," said King Edward VII, "but Sandars is the New Man."

His authority

The energetic lieutenant of a sickly and indolent chief, Jack Sandars acquired a political authority which probably no private secretary at Number 10 has had, before or since.

He acted as Balfour's ears, he made up the Premier's mind for him; he even called his Cabinets for him.

It closes with Sir Horace Wilson, the confidant of Neville Chamberlain and joint author of Munich. It contains the figure of that austere Whig, Sir Algernon West, who was Gladstone's private secretary.

"During Churchill's last Premiership," says Petrie, "there was no one who dared to talk to him freely save Lord Beaverbrook, and during Gladstone's last Premiership the only exception was West."

Like most men of his kind, Sandars had strong personal prejudices. For instance, he disliked Bonar Law: "I have just heard that Bonar Law will be elected leader of the party in the Commons. In this campaign he has been run by Mr. Max Aitken, the little Canadian adventurer, who sits for Ashton-under-Lyne. Aitken practically owns the Daily Express and the Express has run Bonar for all it is worth."

But Sandars's greatest hatred was reserved for Churchill. When Balfour, on becoming First Lord, allowed Churchill to stay on in Admiralty House, Sandars regarded the courtesy as a weak surrender to an enemy. He turned his back on his old chief and never spoke to him again.

Sandars supported Balfour in resisting King Edward's claim that he had a right to see the papers on which Cabinet decisions were reached. "It is impossible for us to yield in a matter of this kind," wrote Balfour who had a streak of Cecil toughness in his make-up. Sandars heartily agreed.

When Lord Bath was appointed Under-Secretary for India, the King thought he should have been asked to approve it. "The appointment of Under-Secretaries does not directly con-

BIZET AND HIS WORLD. By Mina Curtiss. Secker and Warburg. 50s.

IF this biography looks forbidding, Mina Curtiss has only herself to blame. In her enthusiasm, she has pursued her subject down too many by-paths. The outcome is a book about twice as long as it need be from which, however, some fascinating material may be dug up by the industrious.

The composer of Carmen was the son of a French hairdresser. At his first night, Carmen was a failure.

Bizet lived just long enough to believe he had fathered a flop and not long enough to know his ultimate triumph. He is supposed to have died of disappetment; in fact, an unreasonable addiction to swimming in cold water proved fatal.

Clear view

THE SLEEPWALKERS. By Arthur Koestler. Hutchinson. 25s.

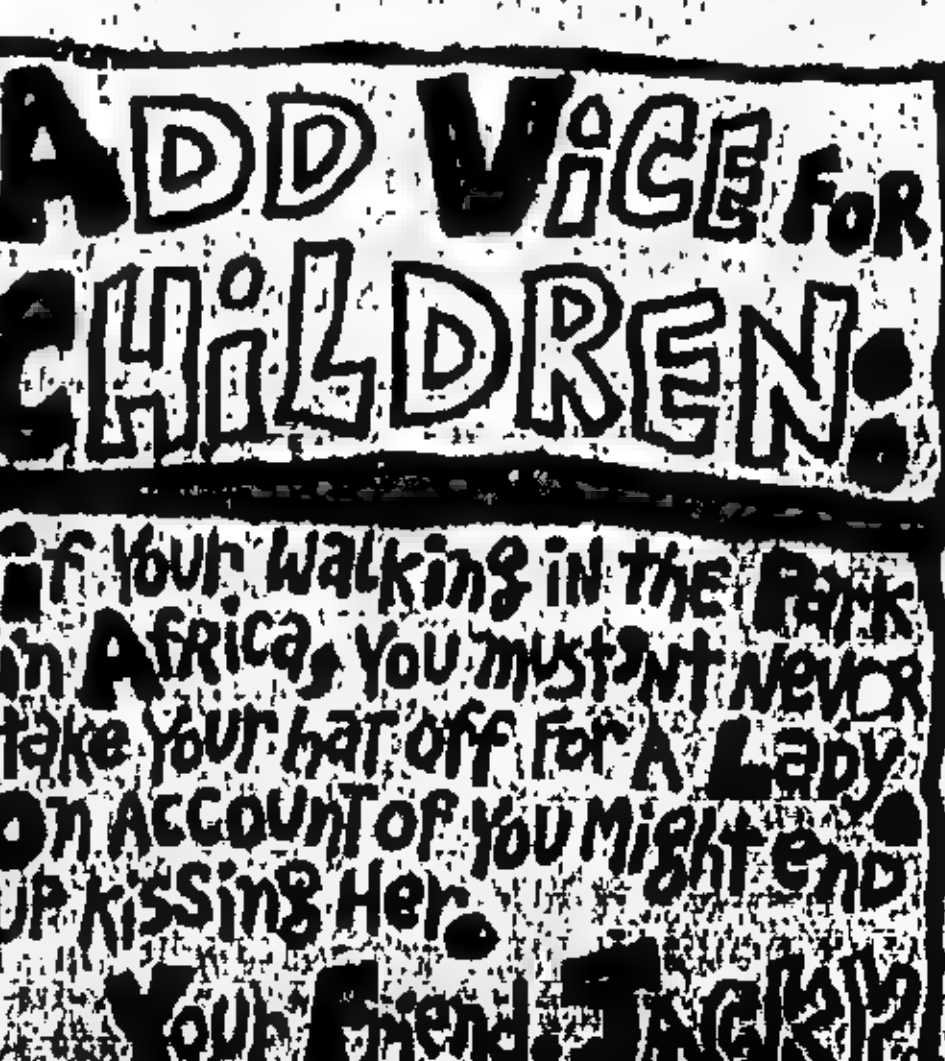
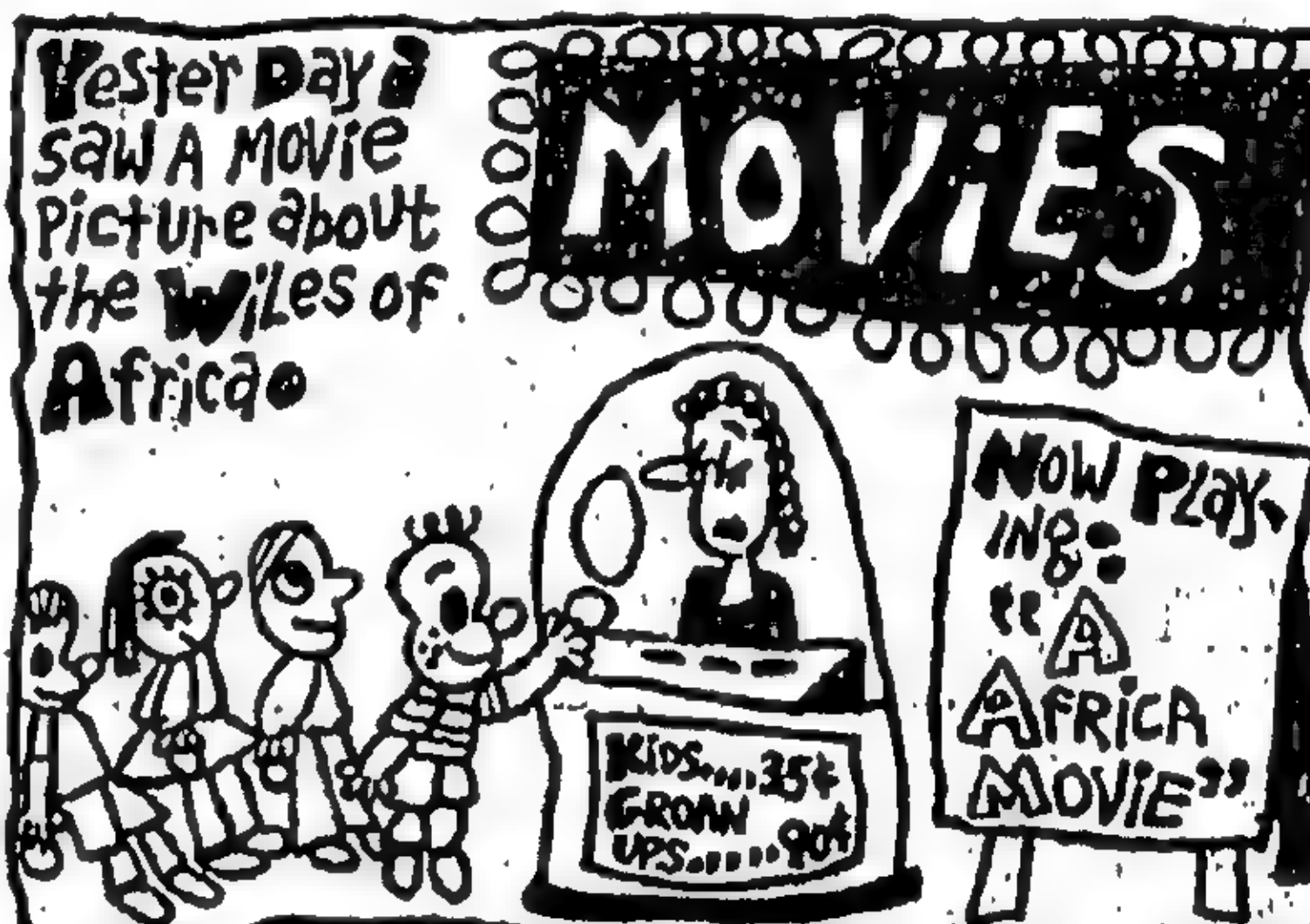
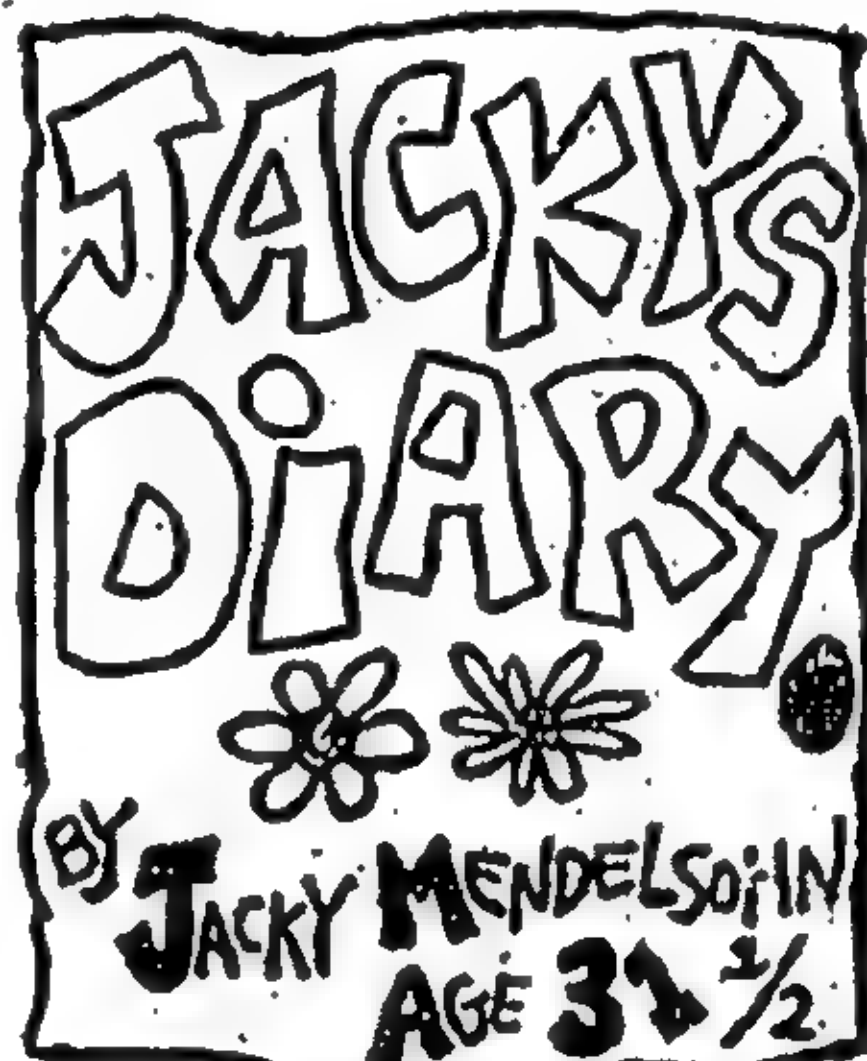
KOESTLER describes, with dramatic power and some perversity, how the astronomers Tycho Brahe, Kepler and Galileo groped their way towards a clearer view of the universe.

The story is very long and, in places, hard to read. But the dedicated reader is rewarded by incisive portraits of remarkable, tormented men of genius.

—London Express Service.

Power...

Petrie has written an illuminating little book about some men (and one woman) who, under strong Prime Ministers, worked obscurely and, under weak ones, wielded power. Petrie, who makes no sensational revelations, can be read, or



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Top Concert Pianist To Play On Radio HK

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

- 12.30 p.m. COMPOSER "LATELY" CADE.
 Cole Porter, with the orchestra.
 1.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
 1.15 p.m. THE NEWS.
 1.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 1.45 p.m. THE NEWS.
 2.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
 2.15 p.m. THE NEWS.
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 11.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 11.45 p.m. THE NEWS.
 12.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

Rudolf Firkušny, one of the world's leading concert pianists, will be arriving on Monday to play for Hongkong audiences.

"On Tuesday evening at nine o'clock Firkušny will play from the Concert Hall of Radio Hong Kong two Schubert Impromptus: Op. 90, three Chopin pieces, and a piece by his countryman, Smetana, called Poika Furianta.

Rudolf Firkušny was born in Czechoslovakia in 1912, and later studied with Arthur Schnabel.

He toured Europe extensively during the war, making his American debut in 1939, followed by concert tours throughout the United States and South America.

He has, in recent years, acquired a reputation of the first rank as a pianist whose great intensity of feeling is at the same time tempered with sensitivity and a most scholarly approach.

Today is the anniversary of D-Day, the greatest amphibious operation ever undertaken.

On June 6, 1944, after months of careful planning and preparation the vast armada of ships set sail for the French coast to land the Allied Armies in German-occupied France.

Memories of this great day are recalled in "This Was D-Day," which will be broadcast by Radio Hong Kong at 9.15 tonight.

The programme is a tape of date and authentic sound pictures of all that took place on that eventful day, recordings made during the operation by war correspondents and men of the Allied forces are used.

On Thursday evening at seven o'clock listeners can hear "The Apprentice" by Dukas, Beethoven's "Leonora Overture No. 3" and the March from the Karella Suite by Sibelius.

On Friday at 7.30 p.m. Radio Hong Kong will broadcast the

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 by Bach, and pieces by Beethoven and Schubert.

Having been an actor, chemist, secretary, accountant and hospital administrator, as well as a part-time broadcaster, Frank found little trouble in adapting himself to such charity disc shows as "Dollars for Discs" and the Fat Choy broadcasts.

He describes his piano playing as of "amateur standard" but confesses to having composed several pieces of his own.

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Rudolf Firkušny, one of the world's leading concert pianists, who will play music by Schubert, Chopin and Smetana from the Concert Hall of Radio Hong Kong on Tuesday evening at 9.00.

all time Len Hutton has made an indelible mark in the history of world cricket.

"A Tribute to Len Hutton" will be on the air at 9.30 on Tuesday evening.

In response to a request from students taking music in this year's School Certificate Examination, music producer Irene Yuen is preparing two programmes in which the set pieces can be heard.

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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, JUNE 6
 7.30 p.m. Kenneth Horne insists that nothing is beyond our ken.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 8.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 9.00 THE NEWS.
 9.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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 11.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 11.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 11.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 12.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10
 7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 7.35 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 7.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
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 11.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 11.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 12.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12
 7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 7.35 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 7.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
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 11.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 11.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 11.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 12.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7
 7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 8.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 9.00 THE NEWS.
 9.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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 11.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 12.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11
 7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 7.35 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 7.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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 11.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 11.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
 11.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 12.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, JUNE 8
 7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
 7.35 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 7.50 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.00 THE NEWS.
 8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
 8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.
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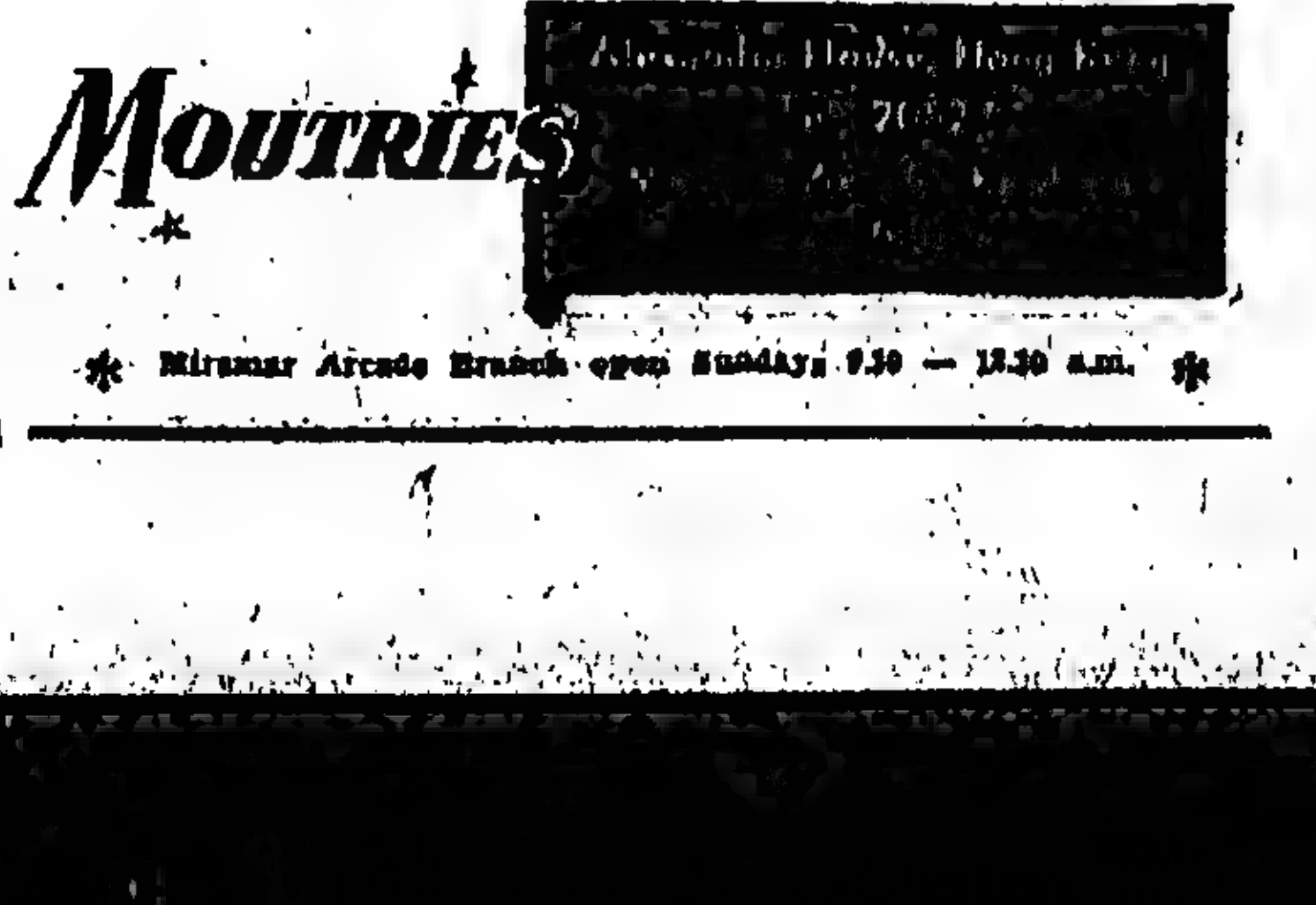
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MOUTRIES MEANS MUSIC



- SYMPHONIES**
- CHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 2 in C minor, "Little Russian". Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.
 - SCHUBERT: "Unfinished" Symphony. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.
 - BIDELIUS: Symphony No. 6 in D minor Op. 161. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.
 - SCHUMANN: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 4. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki.
 - MEYERHOFER: Symphony No. 3 in A minor, "Scottish". Israel Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki.
 - MOZART: Symphony No. 25 in G minor K.183. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer.
 - MOZART: Symphony No. 35 in D major K.355. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.
 - MOZART: Symphony No. 29 in A major K.201. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer.
 - FRANCK: Symphony in D minor. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.



When trouble appears at the back door

RENE MacCOLL

the China Mail Roving Reporter sent a startling despatch on a new threat to world security.

HERE at the back door of the United States—the Caribbean-Central American area, with such great U.S. ports as Miami, New Orleans, and Houston, Texas, only a few hours' flying time away—deeply serious trouble is in the making.

Trouble which directly threatens the United States position, not only in trade but strategically and militarily as well.

Trouble which already brought about a considerable erosion of power in a sphere of influence hitherto regarded as unquestionably American.

While Eisenhower's Government kept its attention fixed on problems half a world away, the menace in the Caribbean area, inhabited by a great many people who are nearly all desperately poor, uneducated, and sullenly angry—was growing.

The threat

Then Fidel Castro's revolutionary victory in Cuba last January brought things to a head—first, Cuba at once posed a two-fold problem for the United States.

1. Was Castro going to allow Cuba, only just over 200 miles from the tip of Florida, to go Communist?

Early last month one of the top American radio networks broadcast a report from a correspondent that Cuba is rapidly becoming a "Communist beach-head" in the Caribbean, with Reds infiltrating key jobs in the army, press, radio, schools, and trade unions.

2. Word came that Castro was contending the formation of "liberation movements" on Cuban soil, aimed at invading neighbouring countries.

Cuba is well placed for this kind of Tam Thidder's ground war. And the attempted "liberation" took place pretty promptly, when the Republic of Panama, from where I am writing this despatch, was duly invaded.

There were, of course, some richly comic elements in this invasion of the Panamanian coast by a force of 85 men. Donato Marquet Poinsett captured most of the headlines.

The talk

But mark this: well-qualified diplomatic observers here are sure that if the invasion force had consisted of 250 well-armed, determined men—they could have taken Panama in a week.

That sort of possibility is a nightmare for the U.S. It would almost certainly cause her to take the one step which she shrinks from in this part of the world: armed intervention. And the scream of "Vampires!" would be heard in the ears of the editor of Pravda.

The 51-mile-long canal is "insulated" in a 10-mile-wide Canal Zone which cuts the republic in two and is, in effect, a U.S. colony for all time.

To add to American troubles, there is a fast-growing movement in Panama in favour of allowing the republic to have a greater say in running the canal and much more money out of it.

At present the Panamanians get just under 2,000,000 dollars (£714,000) a year as their share. Many of them are saying that a 50-50 split would be more like it—say 10,000,000 (£14,280,000).

You drive through Panama City, a sweltering mass of 300,000 varicoloured people who seem to keep their rudies on day and night.

There are lots of Cadillacs about and some of these new-style wedge-shaped pieces of architecture—but large chunks of it are slum-in-the-sun-festering shacks of wood and rusty tin roofs.

The Cadillacs belong, either to the Americans or to the little clique of wealthy families who have between them always controlled business, property, and politics since the country was dreamed up 59 years ago.

Everyone else is cockroach-poor. Then you get to the road which marks the boundary with the American Canal Zone.

On one side of the road—the tin-roofed slums. On the other side "gracious living" in the American style.

Panama. HERE at the back door of the United States—the Caribbean-Central American area, with such great U.S. ports as Miami, New Orleans, and Houston, Texas, only a few hours' flying time away—deeply serious trouble is in the making.



Now up the breeze-cooled hill to the office of Major General W. E. Potter, who wears two hats as Governor of the Canal Zone and president of the Panama Canal Company.

The general is a chipper, bronzed, fast-talking chap of outgoing frankness. He cannot will never be "nationalised," he tells you flatly.

"No Latin trusts another Latin," and the Peruvians, Ecuadorians, Chileans, and the others whose goods come up from the west coast of South America and through the canal to the Atlantic would just hate to see the Panamanians running the show."

The three

The Communist threat inside Panama. Itself the general regards as insignificant so far, although "even though numerically small they can and do influence thinking and action."

Despite the general's breezy frankness, other American authorities wait uneasily for the next development. Where will the next "liberation movement" land? Here are the three likeliest spots:

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, on the eastern part of the island of San Domingo.

There, in the capital named after him, the Dominicans have just been "celebrating" 29 years of one of the most ruthless dictatorships ever seen in this part of the world.

It is a complete Police State and elderly, bespectacled dictator Rafael Trujillo runs everything—and has even reportedly struck down political opponents who were refugees inside the United States.

HAITI, the all-Negro republic on the western end of the same island.

Haiti has teetered on the verge of bankruptcy for years. The corruption is ghastly, even by Caribbean standards.

The groups

NICARAGUA, on the Central American mainland.

Since President Somoza was assassinated in 1956, his two sons have been running the country: Luis as President and Anastasio as chief of the armed forces. They control business and property holdings of enormous wealth. Exiled Nicaraguans plot and drill incessantly.

Yes, all over this wide area, in which peace is so essential to the U.S., there is an uneasy and brooding sense of trouble to come. Everywhere there are these groups of exiles nesting threateningly in one another's countries—even in the U.S. itself.

In the greater Miami area live nearly 100,000 Latin Americans, many of them commanding mysterious funds, many of them stick-at-nothing gamblers.

American intelligence and diplomatic agents all over the Caribbean know that the 85-man invasion of Panama was just a dry run.

They know that next time—whether it is Panama again or somewhere else—the invaders will make it stick.

They know that another armed rebellion on the Castro model this time successful, might send the whole area up in flames.

(London Express Service).

LONDON'S TOP WOMAN REPORTER TAKES A CLOSE LOOK AT NOTTING HILL

TENSION in London, W. 10. A man dies. Police walk in twos. But what does it really feel like to lead your daily life there? Reporter Anne Sharp-ley has gone to live there to find out. This is her first report.

I STOOD at Westbourne Park Station and wondered, as thousands have wondered before me, whether to turn right or left.

My fibre suitcase was cheap and old, and as I picked it up the wind lifted a mournful confetti of paper scraps from the gutter that fell before me as I turned to cross the draw iron bridge.

Already the brilliant ads had died away. There were few television masts. Rag and bone shops came leering forward with "Top price given for rags." Undertakers were bold and specific about their "Lead, elm or oak coffins."

And the Bagwash Laundry outside which Kelso Cochrane was stabbed to death was only one of many offering the melancholy economy of laundry done by weight—12lb. for 3s. 3d.

BEMUSED

I change my suitcase to the other hand. It is time I found somewhere to stay. The shop-window with Rooms to Let notices, innumerable curl-edged cards in diverse hands from the cramped pencil jobs of near-litleracy to spanking type. I join the bemused group in front of them.

Some people are not even reading them. They just stand staring at the cards as though waiting for one of them to signal.

None of the cards say that coloured persons are not welcomed. In fact, many state specifically that they are.

"To let in a very clean and quiet house." Coloured persons specially welcome."

Spelling is not a strong point and many have had two or three tries with heavy scrawls-out at the spelling-bee challenge of the word accommodation.

But there is a preference to be seen here. Many of the notices state "Irish Only" and for a moment one sees the nudging of emigrant race against emigrant race.

And senses the precarious precedence of the Irish—those navies passing now with their short-stepped strut and wide

trouser turn-ups flapping and the tint of drink to dry fore- and in their fair Irish complexion.

See how they contrast with the almost deriding snarler of the West Indians in their broad-brimmed hats. Their trousers too have an almost butterfly wing wideness but they are caught in above the ankle and the turn-up curves over the instep.

One naive notice, as I take down addresses, catches my eye:

Attention all those desiring to join a Mutual Admiration Society for school teachers or sixth form girls. A gift of 10s. will be given to every member."

But one wonders if some more despairing girl, suitcase and heart heavier than mine, might not follow this up.

I pass a greengrocer's shop. And admire the opportunism and realism of its white proprietor—for these strange pink boulders are sweet potatoes (at 1s. a lb.) and those brown withered dumb-bells are yams (at 2s.).

IMPASSIVE

I knock at the first door. A curtain twitches like an awakening wink in the impassive facade of the grey little house.

"I let it this morning to a white lady," says the young West Indian woman with one big aluminium curler in the front of her spiky hair.

She strokes the white and I do not know enough yet to know why.

Nor do I really know whether at the next door I tried the reply I got—"to go to 140, Ledbury Street. The Colours won't rob you there"—said to me by a young West Indian wife, was meant sarcastically or kindly.

Round the door of the house where Kelso Cochrane lived there is a group of ten West Indians. Their soft voices make curiously little noise although they are raised in complaint.

among the new styles is as dazzling as a dose of mescaline.

Italian linen shirts will disguise you as a deck chair or a golfing umbrella. Bathing trunks in pale pink or peach will shout down the noise of the traffic. There was even a blue and white thing decorated with first-class luggage labels.

"We had some trunks with dinosaurs on them," said the salesman. "But we've sold out."

I said: "What a pity."

All around me men in different, well-cut suits were shedding their repulsive like winter woollens.

They were caught in khaki shorts last year, and they weren't going to make the same mistake again.

Just think of it, the monumental Mr Henry Sherok, who has the goodness to look and sound like an Impresario, will appear on a beach this year, after a long lapse.

Mr Sherok claims he hasn't been able to weigh himself ever since they stopped him using the luggage scales at Victoria Station.

He has been pretty well gounded into beach-sitting again. "People will boast about their suntans," he complained in a jumpy voice. "Why, Lord Maugham came to see me the other day, and he insisted on pulling open his shirt to show

never talked about, and tried not to think of it. I don't even remember where it is.

It all went to show (if you survived the first shock) the concern for essentials and the unworldeanness of the intellectual temperament. It was a donnish custom, and went along with crumpled and hand-squeezing, as well as dimly lit tutorials.

Away from this austere climate, of course, beachwear has never been more garish.

The English khaki shorts and white tennis shirt rolled up at the sleeves is becoming a topic of open ridicule on the playgrounds of Franco and Italy. The peacock age of the English seaside male is beginning.

DAZZLING

In Cannes this year the smart thing to wear on the beach is a shirt-silk outfit in royal blue and white with sloping pockets, long sleeves and hand-squeezing. It is selling well at just under £10.

Another item, oddly slightly less expensive, is a light cashmere jacket with prison stripes and a three-button soft collar.

I wouldn't be seen dead in either of them, but, then, I couldn't afford to be.

In London the situation is spectacular. An anonymous agent

I LIVE IN UNEASY-st W.10....

by ANNE SHARPLEY

"These people should be stopped. We are citizens and the government must stop those people now."

Which people? "Them that or assassinated him."

But they don't know who they are yet.

"They gotta be stop."

Their fear is too huge and amorphous for them to be interested in such a legalistic and quibbling attitude that the actual murderers must be found first.

CONTENTED

In Kensal Road I see a young white woman with a row of coloured babies set out in prams on the pavement outside her open door. She is a foster mother and looks after children during the day (at 30s. a week) for working West Indian mothers.

She has four children of her own—and her name has the kindly apocryphal of many Cockney names—she is Mrs Rose Plenty.

"I'd rather look after coloured babies. They're not miserable like white ones. They're always contented. And my husband loves them. Whenever he brings chocolate home he gives them just as much as he does his own."

She picks up plump Petty and puts her in my arms and together we sit on the step, she with her favourite, Kenneth, talking about life in W.10.

"They said when they were having the riots and threatening to smash windows that I shouldn't have Coloureds. I had seven then. But I wouldn't give them up."

Mrs Plenty explains that many of the children's mothers work because their men deserted them for white girls.

On I wander with my suitcase through one of those charitably donated gardens, called with maddening patronage and obscurity a "pleasance."

There are 60 kids playing in the "pleasance"—on the playground things—but they are all white. The gentle, impartial influence of Mrs Plenty has far to go yet.

"Peas and rice, thistle." I hear being called to me across the dust-deepening street.

Light and good smells pour from the doorway of a little room hardly bigger than a telephone kiosk in which Philip from Trinidad has his wayside kitchen. I say I'll try his thistle.

He rolls out a great pile pancake and puts it on a flat griddle over his tiny gas oven. Then he places it on greaseproof paper, drops a couple of spoonfuls of mouth-searing curry in the middle, rolls it up and hands it to me.

"Straight from the horse's mouth," he says, his fat face splitting with amiability.

"Man, if talking be a profession you top of all and most rich," said his partner who is supposed to be strumming a guitar to bring the customers in.

"Sing, man, sing. How they know we here if you don't sing."

I pay for my thistle (2s.) and tell him I'm looking for a room.

A graceful youth in a suit as taut as a tambourine, scarlet tie, scarlet pocket handkerchief and scarlet socks says he'll ask his landlady. I admire his pointed shoes, extravagantly pointed but somehow suited to his elegance and quick round eye.

"I got them in Paris. I went to Paris for two weeks and next week I go to Berlin."

He will drive me round to his landlady he says. It is a brilliant pinkish Cresta Vauxhall with a stuffed leopard at the back window to match the leopardskin seatcovers.

"I'm called sometimes Peter, sometimes John. But you call me Tex. I've got 14 different names and when I want to get



A WOMAN CALLED PLENTY

In Kensal Road Anne Sharp-ley takes Mrs. Rose Plenty, who looks after children for working West Indian mothers. "I'd rather look after coloured babies," she says. "They're not miserable like white ones."

licence the police begged me to stop when I writing all the names."

He suggests I spend the night in his room. I say I can't see that and that I'm sure I can find somewhere.

We part with his warning. "Now you go careful. There's a lot bad people around. They make me shame, they so wicked some of them."

But it does not seem threatening—around these dancing streets with groups of people drifting and calling to one another, the scrofulous peeling stuccos softening in the dusk.

CALYPSOS

In the pubs, the Sages, and the Duke of Warwick—the white-raised glasses to toasting, trailing choruses.

And from the basement you can hear the coloured clubs—

MONDAY:

The night life

On the beach —a new Englishman!

(WITH WOMEN IN MIND, TOO!)

men

by JEREMY CAMPBELL

London.

BY far the least lovely of Oxford's vistas when I was an impressionable undergraduate was a stretch of river bank upstream from the antique silver stone of Magdalen called Parsons' Pleasure.

Elderly dons, grown turkey-plump on high-table menus; doctored of philosophy with figures like laundry bugs;

B. Litts, the colour of medieval manuscripts, all used to disport themselves in this masculine preserve wearing nothing more than a rare, remote smile.

A fellow of a college did once dare to sport a pair of beaunc-yellow bathing trunks there.

But he failed to weather the senior common room ridicule which they flung across his body like hoops of barbed wire.

For us, the sight of all these reservoirs of learning dumping white in the pale June sun, was enough to snuff out for ever our first, shy illusions about the romance of scholarship (already sickly from quantities of Union gin).

There was yet another, academic playground, more removed, called Dances Delight, which was

never talked about, and tried not to think of it. I don't even remember where it is.

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me how brown he was underneath."

This year Mr Sherok will be wearing (if you can bear to look) a yellow and white pyjama top. He would never have got away with it in his university days, when his Cambridge chums pushed his face under the water for wearing a mauve swim suit.

UNINHIBITED

"Most men these days," said a competent Regent Street sales- man, with a laugh like a fall of rock, "will wear anything their wives allow them to."

I hardly like to mention that there are twin-sets for men, and that I saw a husband hesitate for only a nail-biting minute before buying a pair of silk shorts embroidered with vintage cars.

Beach shirts have been printed with reproductions from the pages of a certain respected newspaper, and children are walking about in holiday clothes decorated with the coloured adventures of Noddy.

And no restraining wife was on hand when I saw Lord Stanley of Alderley (three times married) buying an uninhibited bright-red Italian two-piece that Mr Sherok's Cambridge chums would have flown from the roof of King's College chapel.

Even in unexpected parts of London I have discovered fur-

tive leanings towards this gay European expertise by the well-dressed male.

I invite your sympathy, for example, for the Turkish Ambassador, Mr Talat Slim, whom I talked to the other day at one of those polite, peripatetic little parties that go on all the time in Belgravia.

The heat-wave steamed about us like the first blast from a kitchen cooker. I said: "Why don't you sunbathe on the Embassy roof?"

"I'd like to," said Mr Slim, keeping his voice down. "But I'm afraid of the other diplomats soring me in my bathing suit."

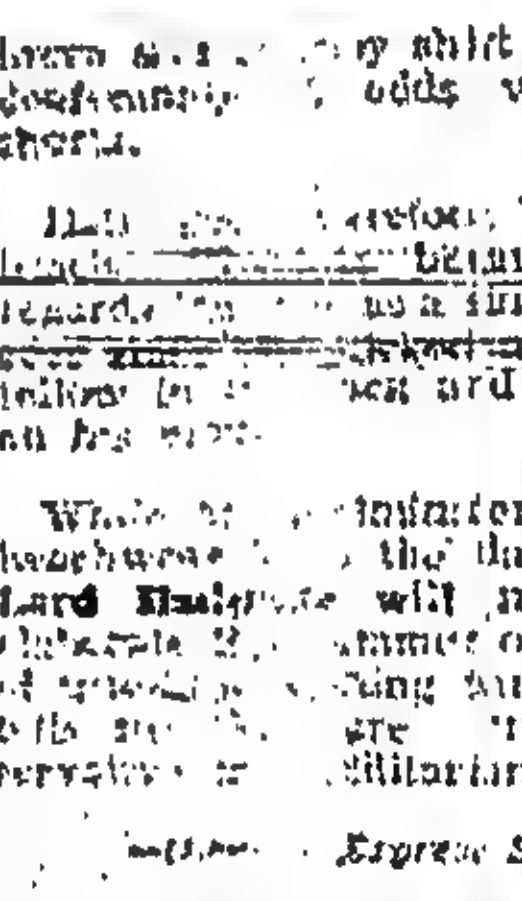
FORBIDDEN

Or consider the case of Mr Trevor Howard, recently back from Spain.

Mrs Howard has forbidden him to wear his white-embroidered beach shirt and bull-fighting hat which he says the Spaniards thought "quite highly of."

In London, summer clothes usually whisper in well-bred accents. On the Continent they bellow in your ear like a child at a party.

Scream with me at Mr Salvador Dalí's Hotel 4000 pm-



CROSS
by LEONARD BARR

How does YOUR office rate with THIS?

IT LOOKS GOOD, it is good... especially if you're the boss. It is the ideal design for an office... with fittings that function and can't be called frills. It looks good, it is good... and if you work for him it can be fun. It's all part of good business... planned nowhere better than at Britain's Olympia exhibition of business efficiency which opened—till June 4.

HERE'S WHAT ONE BOSS THINKS...
by Kitty Dixon

EFFICIENCY doesn't scream—it whispers. If you want to keep this silent partner in your office, keep it crisp, keep it q-u-i-e-t. Above all get rid of the major efficiency beater—interruption. That jangling telephone everybody rises to answer, that raucous loudspeaker which sets everyone wondering if they have just missed their cue—these just have to go.

These are the quiet words of smoothly-working wisdom for all office-bound workers on Monday morning.

Listen to the soft—but efficiently audible, of course—voice of organisation and methods expert Harry Cemach.

ON INTERRUPTIONS: "Cut them and you will save money. Not enough bosses realise that staff time is the most expensive office commodity."

"Jangling telephone bells are the biggest offenders."

"Instead, attach flashing lights to each phone. Then only the person concerned is interrupted, instead of the entire office staff."

Mr Cemach would toss out loudspeaker systems that echo throughout the building.

"There's no need to disturb everybody just to page one man," he said.

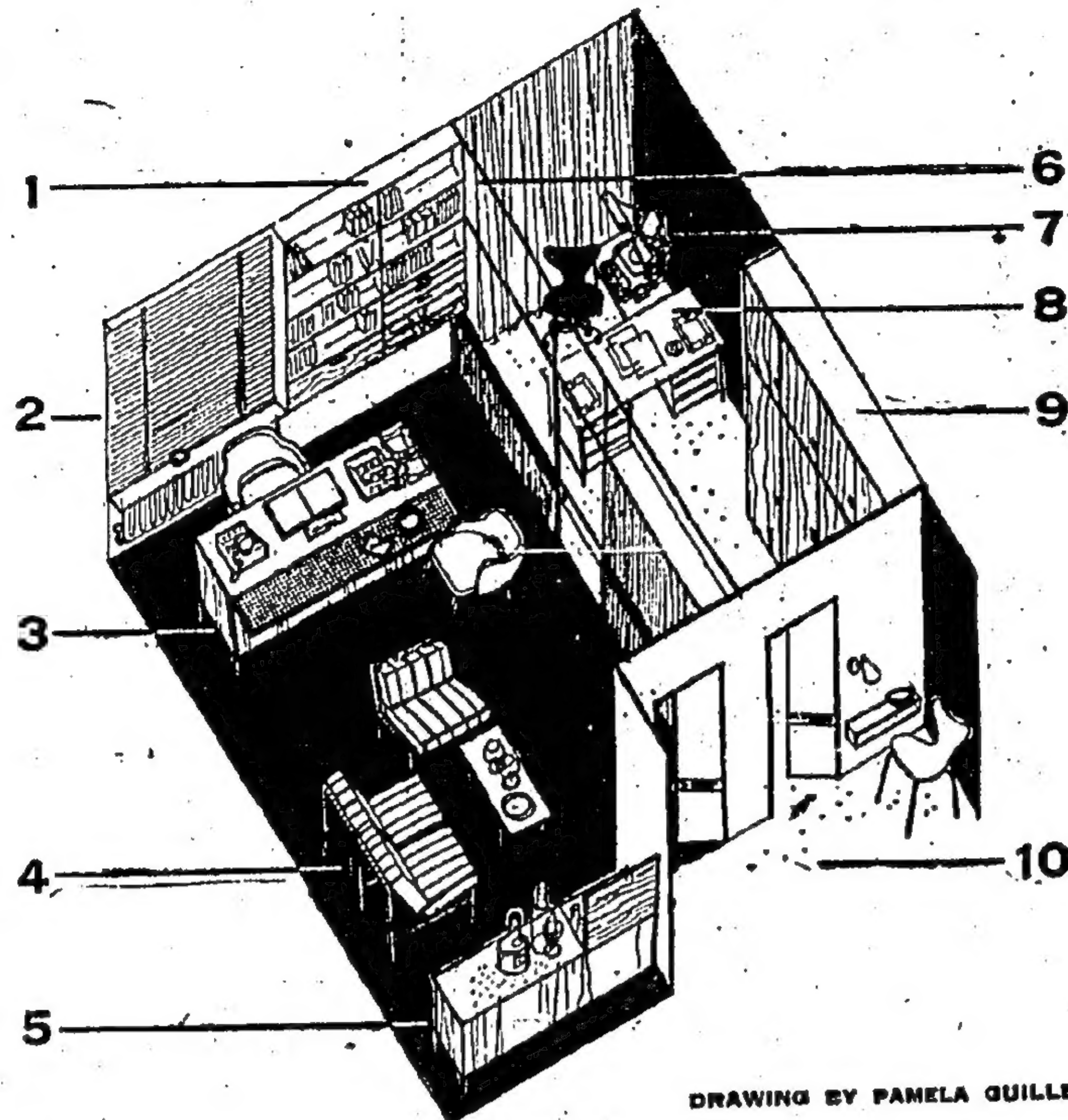
"Again, flashing lights solve the problem. Specially designed clocks can be installed in every room to flash on executives' number when he is wanted."

BE SURE

ON OFFICE EQUIPMENT: "Be generous with items like scissors and staplers. You'll save in the end."

"Every time a worker has to get up and go searching for something he's wasting his own time as well as interrupting others."

"Each desk should be fully equipped. And there should be a fixed place for every piece of equipment."



DRAWING BY PAMELA GUILLE

MEMO: TO ALL BOSSES—AND SECRETARIES WHO THINK THEY CAN RUN THE BUSINESS BETTER



Ten points to tick off

- 1 Bookcase—Out of way, but within easy reach.
- 2 Venetian blinds—More efficient than curtains.
- 3 Conference desk—An overhanging top allows leg space to others.
- 4 Entertaining area—Comfortable chairs and a coffee table.
- 5 Cocktail cabinet—Flat against wall, out of the way.
- 6 Glass partition—Secretary and boss can see each other.
- 7 Electric typewriter—with overhead light.
- 8 L-Shaped secretarial desk—Working area height of this steel desk is ideal 30 inches. Typing area: 28 inches.
- 9 Lateral filing—Flush, sliding doors. Takes up less space.
- 10 Ante-Room—With chair and separate exit.

"Study your office procedure carefully before buying expensive machines. Make certain you buy the right piece of equipment for the job."

ON TEA BREAKS: "You'll get more work for your money if you provide a tea lounge so employees can get right away from their desks during tea breaks."

ON LUNCH BREAKS: "Provide a canteen with good food and bright surroundings. How can you expect a secretary to relax at noon if you push her out into the City to fight for her meal?"

ON SAVING TIME: "Omit excessive checking. Don't allow 'defence mechanism.' It is a time-consuming procedure on the part of an employee fearing blame for other people's mistakes."

"He carefully records every scrap of paper that passes through his hands and insists that others sign for them."

"Such a waste. When something is lost, who cares whose fault it is? The important thing is to find it. And a record book proving that Mr X doesn't have it is not going to help."

ON HUMAN RELATIONS: "Employees should not only know how to do a job, but also why they are doing it. Then they will work with the boss as a team. And that always fosters efficiency."

The incredible Dr Beddoes

CURIOUS CHARACTERS: No. 3

OXFORD students who attended lectures by Doctor Beddoes in the late 18th Century were never sure what to expect. For the doctor was an inveterate experimenter.

One day he excelled himself. Would a balloon filled with gas and set on fire look like a meteor? He released one to find out—and started a panic among Oxonians, who thought the Day of Judgment had come.

Satisfied on this point, Doctor Beddoes turned to the cure of lung complaints, and was soon convinced that difficulty in breathing could be cured by administering air ready-breathed and therefore more easily absorbable by the patient. He bought himself a cow and tethered it to a patient's bed, so that the air around it could be suitably prepared.

The learned doctor next turned his attention to anaesthetics. He was the first man to experiment with laughing gas—inducing a girl to inhale nitrous oxide from a pretty green bag labelled "Perfume."

The girl first screamed with laughter, then ran from the house, completely out of control, leaping high over the back of an Irish wolfhound before a friend caught her.

Dr Beddoes then decided that he was really a poet and made up his mind to write an epic about Alexander's expedition to India. But obviously an epic poem could only be written by someone sitting on the 8,000-foot summit of Mount Parnassus. So, he went there intending to write one, perching day and night on his cold pinnacle.

Failing to find a publisher for his epic, Dr Beddoes decided to try his hand at politics. To Prime Minister Pitt he expounded a theory to save England from famine. You simply fed cows on table vegetables so that people who ate beef would also, at one remove, be eating greens as well.

No experiment daunted Dr Beddoes. In 1790, he undertook to turn a Negro white, immersing him in a bath of "oxygenated marine acid" for twelve days. It didn't work.

QUOTE

—by Mr Norman Cole, M.P. for South Bedfordshire, speaking at Luton:—

ONE way to aid road safety is for the man or woman who drives a car not to be thought of as just a motorist, and for them not to think of the man or woman crossing the street just as a pedestrian.

—by Mr H. S. Kemble, a former deputy chief constable, in the Police Chronicle:—

I DON'T fear a State police in our own country, but I am apprehensive about the likelihood of a police force of State busybodies.

—London Express Service.

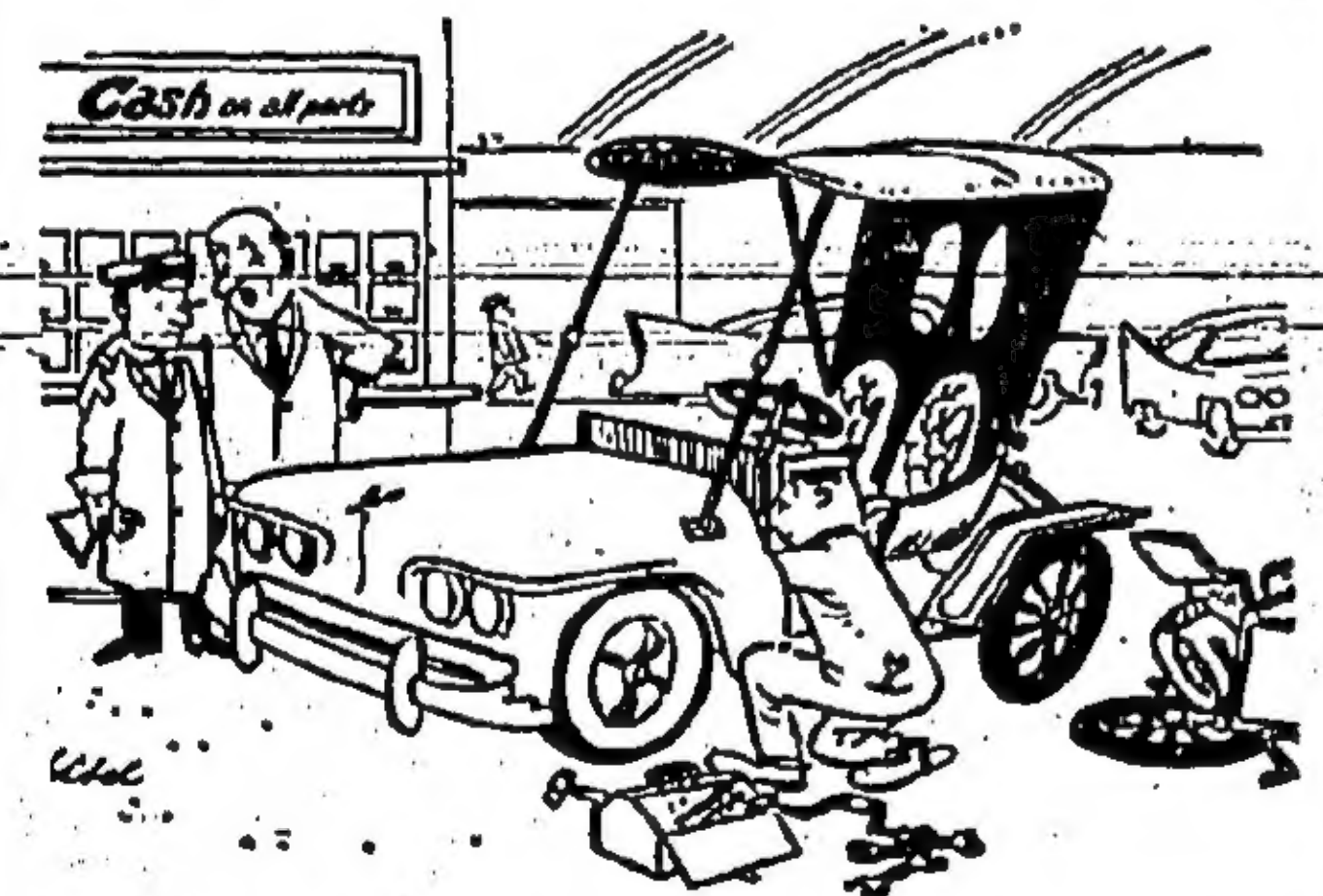


—London Express Service.

Treat Yourself to the Choice of Kings



THIS FUNNY WORLD



"It was so hard to replace parts, we just did the best we could!"



"I purposely stayed late just to meet you Mr Smith. I will insure you."

See what you like. Do what you like.

RUSSIA ON £100

TEN-DAY air trips to Russia for less than £100 are just around the corner.

A new deal made in Moscow schedule between BEA and Soviet-Union-on-which-you-can-go holiday tours of the Russia's Aeroflot.

Go where you like, see what all British travel agencies in Moscow. A senior official of the Workers' Travel Association told me:

Mr J. J. Taylor, head of the Workers' Travel Association has fixed a four-flight-a-week "The flights to Moscow will

be in full swing in time for the holiday season."

"The exact cost has still to be worked out, but it is safe to say that it will be in the region of £100 for travel and accommodation for ten days."

"There will be no brakes on the tourists. They will not be subject to any conditions if they want to walk around freely."

"If they want to visit a friend, a restaurant or go sightseeing they will be as free as a visitor to London."

"The currency difficulties have been practically sorted out, and now we expect to receive visitors from Russia on the same terms."

"Although the service will start with four flights a week, we expect this will be rapidly stepped up."

An official of Thomas Cook said: "These trips will be available through all travel agents."

"Mr Taylor is representative of all tourist agencies, and we are delighted with the news."

The Mink Coat Missionary

SHE is called the "mink coat missionary." A nun in her early fifties, she wears, with Vatican permission, the ordinary dress of a modern well-dressed woman as she runs an unusual religious centre on the outskirts of Rome.

It is an institute set up to solve the problems of the wives of millionaires and rich men in general.

It seems that no one had ever considered that the wealthy could be as unhappy spiritually as the poor—until Sister Ornella Broccoli came along.

Half Polish, half Italian, Sister Ornella was born in Yugoslavia of wealthy parents. Her childhood was spent in luxury—and boredom—moving through Europe from one grand hotel to another.

Her mother she remembers as a lovely rich woman, ready alone without any scope in life.

At 16 Ornella herself entered from the simple pleasures of entering a convent of the Sacred Heart and later took her vows as a nun.

She persuaded the Vatican that there were many rich women like her mother in desperate need of spiritual help.

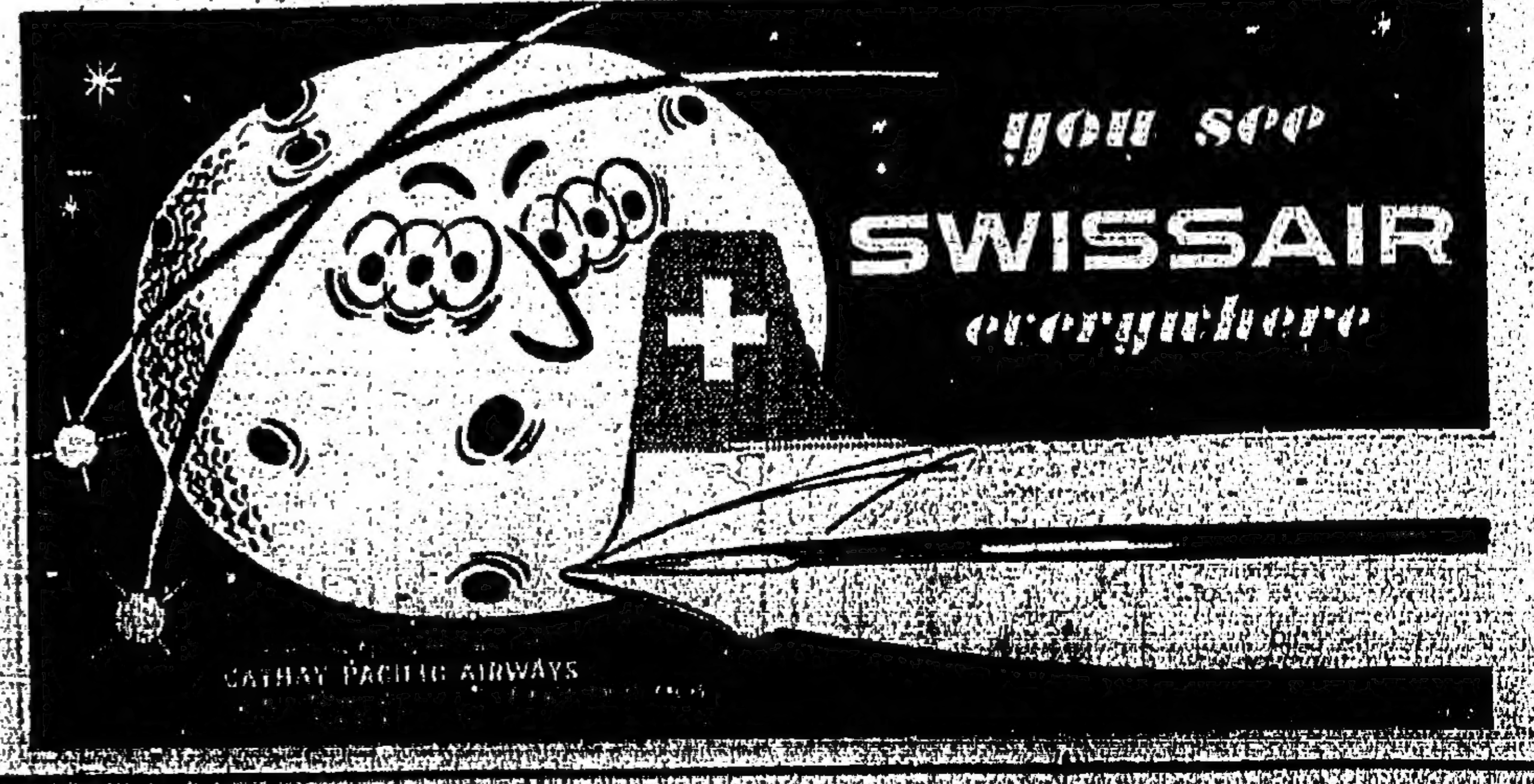
Four years ago Sister Ornella was allowed to open her first "Help the rich" centre in New York. It succeeded from the start.

She helped faded wives to regain their interest in life through art and other cultural activities, then to channel their energies into social welfare work.

A rehabilitated wealthy woman is capable, says Sister Ornella, of helping other financially unfortunate women who need the same help.

Sister Ornella still has one dream: to come into a centre for unhappy millionaires.

—HENRY THODY



Weekend League Lawn Bowls First Defeat For IRC "A"?

LEAGUE-LEADING INDIANS LIKELY TO LOSE TO CCC AT HAPPY VALLEY TODAY

By ROBERT TAY

Undeatable teams again take the spotlight as the lawn bowls league season enters its fifth week this afternoon.

In the first division, league-leading Indian Recreation Club "A", who scored a brilliant 5-0 victory over Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Saturday will be featured in the main match this afternoon against Craigengower Cricket Club at the Valley.

So far the Indians have won all their four matches by comfortable margins. But all these have been won on their tricky home green, which I must say is an extremely difficult one for visiting teams to play on. It will be interesting to see how they will fare in their first away match this afternoon.

Against the Kowloon Bowling Green last week, the Indians, however, put up a very good standard of bowls, considering that they are this year without a number of their regular star players.

Strongest Four

Their strongest four appears to be O. Adam, A. H. Seemin, S. Yusuf and A. K. Minu. Skip Minu played an exceptionally fine game last Saturday and is given sufficient support by his front men as he was last week, he should be able to give his side one point in today's game.

The other two IRC risks seem to be appreciably weaker, although Jeff Hoosen, who look over the skip's role in one of the four is bowling much better than he has ever done before, and M. B. Hassan, the other skip shows fairly reliable form.

The weakness lies generally in the inconsistency of their front men and unless more than average support is forthcoming from them this afternoon, the odds will definitely be on the much better-balanced CCC twelve who look good for four points in this match.

Of the other two unbeaten teams in the first division, Revere "A" will enjoy a definite edge over Kowloon Cricket Club, playing on their home green in today's game. In succession this season, both clubs are fielding the same line-up as those in previous weeks and with the KCC twice being in my opinion a rather unbalanced side, the odds could well be for a 3-2 upset victory.

Easy Task

Kowloon Dock Club, the third and only other unbeaten senior team, have a fairly easy task today of taking at least four points from Talkoo. They will not only be playing on their own almost perfect green, but also against a weakened opposition side. Skip Charlie McLennan, who has done extremely well in Talkoo's previous matches is out of the game today and N. Fraser is taking over one of their four. A. Mullen goes over as No. 3 to Bob Marshall. A 5-0 win for the Kowloon dockmen seems very likely.

In the other first division games, Kowloon Bowling Green Club may have to fight extremely hard for a possible four points against Revere "B" at their home green. The Bowling Club bowlers made a promising start to the season when they took full points from Talkoo. The departure of L. Cosgrove from the Colony and the surprise 3-2 defeat they suffered from KCC in the second match, seemed to have had an upsetting effect on the team as a whole, causing them to lose their last two matches by overwhelming 5-0 margins.

Main Doubt

In their match last week I feel that the first two front men in M. E. Purvis' four, A. D. Duffy and S. Richmond, and T. Kennedy's four, G. J. Jones and P. Kennedy, put up quite a good game, and with better support from their three and skip these two combinations could pull through their games with a little to spare.

The main doubt exists in their third combination, which is still under experiment. Eric Liddell goes over to No. 3 this afternoon, switching places with J. Tindall. This will probably be an improvement, but a further refinement may be necessary as the season nears its end.

over the skip's position and Peter Hughes going to No. 3. After their fine display last week against Revere "A", the IRC will start as favourites against Filipino Club in the remaining first division game. Both teams occupy the bottom positions in the league at the moment and together with Talkoo are fighting hard to avert relegation. A likely 4-1 win this afternoon will somewhat ease the pressure on the Indians.

The second division games will see the Hongkong Football Club, the only unbeaten team in the division, pitted against Filipino Club at the KBGC green.

After PRC "A" surprising 4-1 defeat by HKFC last week, the Football Club are now well placed at the top of the league table, and are both on paper and on form the strongest team in this division. The Filipinos, however, are not incapable of staging an upset victory, particularly L. S. Silva's four hit top form, but the odds are on the footballers winning by at least a 4-1 margin.

Policemen Clash

Another interesting clash is that between HKFSA and PRC "A" at Boundary Street. The HKFSA are an erratic team, one week losing against a weak team and another week giving a drubbing to a strong side.

On their tricky home green, however, they are an extremely hard team to beat, and unless PRC "A" adapt themselves fast enough to the vagaries of the Boundary Street green, they may find themselves dropping further away from their challenging position for the title at the end of this afternoon's game.

Hongkong Cricket Club will be hosts to third-place Kowloon Cricket Club and will undoubtedly be out to prove that their victory over PRC "A" last Saturday was no fluke. With Frank Howard back in their line-up, the cricketers are fully capable of chalking up another good win today if they reproduce their last week's form, particularly the leads and No. 2's where the Kowloon Cricket Club seems to be weakest.

First Win?

USRC, promoted from their third division at the beginning of this season, have not met with much success in their last three matches in the higher division, but against PRC "B" this afternoon, they should be able to chalk up their first win of the season.

Highlight of the third division games will be provided by the clash between unbeaten league-leading Kowloon Dock Club and fourth-place Hongkong Football Club at the Valley.

The Dock twelve have built up an impressive record of 5-0, 5-0, and 4-1 wins on their home green in their last three matches, but will this afternoon concede green advantage to the footballers. But they are the more consistent performers and if they can adapt them-

selves to the heavier HKFC green and the longer heads which the HKFC bowlers will undoubtedly play, a fourth straight win for them is more than likely.

Today's Games

First Division

Revere "A" v. KCC.
IRC "B" v. FC.
KCC v. TC.
KBGC v. Revere "B".
CCC v. IRC "A".

Second Division

HKFC v. KCC.
FC v. HKFC (at KBGC).
HKFSA v. PRC "A".
USRC v. PRC "B".
CCC (bye).

Third Division

SC v. CCC.
HKFC v. KCC.
HKFC v. KBGC.
IRC v. TC.
HKCC (bye).

London To Brighton Walk



Purposeful figures stride across Westminster Bridge in the early morning mist last Saturday. They were setting out on the annual Stock Exchange walk from London to Brighton.

Fighting off a cramp which attacked him several miles from the finish, 35-year-old R. E. Green won the walk for the sixth successive year. His time of eight hours 33 minutes 34 seconds was a new record. —Reuterphoto.

A VERDICT ON ENGLAND'S DEBACLE

PRAISE HOPKINSON, GREAVES, CLAYTON AND FLOWERS

By JACK WOOD

Hollywood.

England finally won on this debacle of a tour with the 8-1 slaughter of the American amateurs at Wrigley Field last week. But, like the tiny crowd of 13,000, I refuse to take the game seriously. I certainly hope no one connected with the football future of England sees in this massacre any real hope.

A commentator parked out match points and explained the rules throughout. The back-cloth was the neon skyline of Los Angeles, and the set, as you would see in any movie.

Like The Beach

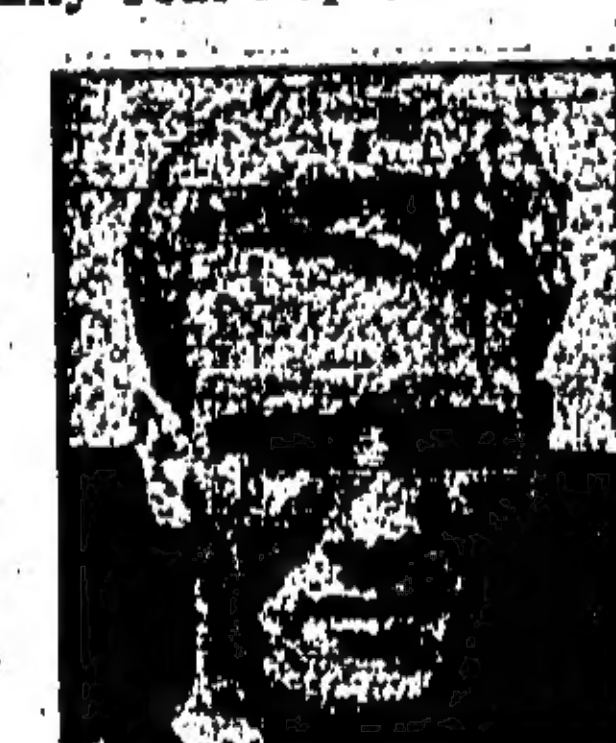
The scars of a baseball pitch left one end of the field like the beach at Blackpool or Margate. While floundering on the sand in the first half England held America to a one-all draw, with right-winger Murphy scoring for America and Bradley for England.

The goals flowed after the interval. Flowers, getting two, to confirm my view that he might give some punch to England as a forward. Charlton did the hat-trick, with the help of a penalty, and Kevan and Haynes got the others.

ANOTHER WARDLE

JOHNNY WARDLE, former Yorkshire and England spinner, is convinced he has found a young bowler who could become "another Wardle" — for Lancashire.

Wardle has written to Lancashire, recommending them to take a look at 22-year-old Peter Hargreaves, Colne spinner who bowled against Wardle recently.



RON FLOWERS

I'll take a brief flick through the scores of this tour and say again that our international set-up must be changed if we are ever again to hold the new masters of football from the South American continent.

Confirmed

Among the players, only Hopkinson — by his courage — Greaves, Clayton and Flowers have added to their home reputations. The writing was on the wall for Mollinex, all season has been confirmed by Wright's inability to match the pace of the Latins in the three games we lost.

Haynes has been good only in patches. Charlton played one good game against Brazil, but in the others hit those moody spells we had hoped we had seen the last of.

Armstrong is a fighter. But if he has a future in the England team it is surely at right back where Howe was often lost for speed.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Can the square-leg umpire "no-ball" a bowler in cricket?
- Which lawn tennis players have won the men's and ladies' singles titles of Italy this year?
- Which jockey has ridden the most English Derby winners?
- What rare distinction have these sportsmen in common: C.B. Fry, Andy Ducat, and Willie Watson?
- How many all-white world heavyweight title fights have been held since the war?
- Jersey Joe Walcott fought eight world heavyweight bouts. How many opponents did he meet and what were their names?
- Who was the only British competitor to win a gold medal in the 1952 Olympics — Horse riders, excepted?
- Which athlete won four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics?
- With which sports or games do you associate these terms: (a) Body-check, (b) check-mate, (c) checkered flag?
- Where are the headquarters in Britain of the following sports: (a) Golf, (b) Cricket?

Newcastle Seek Dutch Centre Half

Newcastle United's search for a centre-half, which last season took their representatives prospecting for top-line Mel Charles and Trevor Eddis, may have ended in Holland.

They have taken the first steps to sign a Dutch giant, 21-year-old Jan Schuster, centre-half of Holland's Sparta F.C. Alderman William McKee, Newcastle's chairman, and manager Charlie Mitten watched 8ft 4in, Schluder, a student, play in a Dutch League match, while they were in Amsterdam last weekend with United's youth side.

They approached the player, and officials of the Sparta Club, after the game. A fee of £20,000 has been mentioned.

EIGHTH SOFTBALL SUMMER LEAGUE STARTS MONDAY

Cheyennes 'A' Top Favourites For Title

By OLLY VAS

I never cease to be amazed at the enthusiasm which the game of softball generates among its adherents. It seems to me that in spite of nearly seven months of intense weekend competition during the regular winter leagues each year, players cannot have enough of it, for now comes the news that twelve men's teams will be competing for the A. S. Watson trophy, summer heat and showers notwithstanding. The eighth Softball Summer League since 1951 gets under way on Monday when the Cheyennes "A" come up against their Junior team at King's Park.

However, this 1959 Summer League is one with a difference. The Hongkong Softball Association are lending the participants the field, softballs and moral support only. They have turned over the league's management to the various managers who will make all arrangements regarding umpires, scores, and so on.

A schedule of games has already been drawn up and matches will be played off in the evenings, commencing at 8.45 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

Poorly Organised

Last year's Summer League was poorly organised and found little favour with the spectators because of lack of discipline. It only remains to be seen whether this year's affair will show some improvement.

The teams taking part are, Cheyennes "A", "B" and Juniors, Seminoles, Knights, Snooks, Overmans, Eagles, U.S. Navy, South China A.A., Austers and the Wallabies.

Only one round of games will be played, that is each team will have to play off eleven matches from now till the end of September 1959.

On paper it looks like Robert Remondos Cheyennes "A" will cakewalk over the rest of the league as the side is essentially the same one which did so well in the recently concluded winter league except for the addition of George Ribeiro the ex-Saint John's catcher who swings a mean bat.

No Easy Meat

The "B" and Juniors are not to be taken too lightly too as both sides are well-balanced while Ed Carvalho's Seminoles, last year's Summer champions, could gauge by going over the list of unfamiliar names in softball circles it seems to me that what they lack in experience will probably be made up for by their enthusiasm in trying something new.

Lee Cheong handles the Overseas, the team with a record number of walkovers in the winter league. It is to be hoped that Lee will at least try to put a line on the field at some time. The Eagles and the Austers are well-known names in Junior softball. The former will be coached by veteran A. G. Small while Derek Cox will take over the latter. A team of British servicemen from Shatin. Only token opposition can be expected from these sides.

Heavy Hitters

As for South China A.A. and the U.S. Navy, these are two Senior division teams capable of creating some upsets. "Goose" Wong should decide to pitch for SCAA—the outlook is bright. The Navy has some heavy hitters and should give opposing outfielders a lot of exercise.

Last on the list but by no means the least are the Wallabies who make a welcome entry into local softball. They are a team of airmen, mostly Australians with some baseball "savvy" from Little Wai. Their manager, an IAC to whom I spoke over the phone only the other day, would not commit himself on the team's chances as this is the first time his boys have played together.

Since they will be having a friendly match against a softball team from U.M.A.S. "Voyagers" tomorrow at King's Park at 8.30 p.m. the rest of the league will be given an opportunity to see how the Wallabies measure up to our local standard of play.

Favourite Again For TT Titles

JOHN SURTEES' SUCCESS IS A FAMILY TRIUMPH

John Surtees, the 24-year-old British racing motor-cyclist, has been made top favourite to win again for the second year in succession both the junior and senior events of the Tourist Trophy races which started last week in the Isle of Man.

Surtees became world champion at 22, and recently he won the world title again when he came out first in the 350 cc and 500 cc classes in the German Grand Prix at the Nuerburgring.

His progress in international racing has been phenomenal. The 1952 Junior Grand Prix was his first international race and he finished sixth. That year he was awarded the Pinhard Prize for the outstanding under-21 motor-cyclist in a season.

Mother's Influence

Since then he has been recorded holder on every circuit he has visited in England. At the age of 21, he had beaten many of the most experienced crack riders. In 1955, he had 33 victories in 70 races. In 1956, he won the Senior T.T. and the 500 c.c. World Championship.

The success of Surtees is a family triumph. His father taught him the elements of the racing game. His mother, who had acted as his "pit woman," gave him invaluable encouragement.

When in his cradle, John Surtees knew the roar of motor-cycles as well as the flicking of his father's cigarette. His parents took him to race meetings and left him in the car, that fared his side-car outfit.

Before he left school, John could take a machine to pieces and correctly put it together again.

Father's Shop

He was also good at boxing, running and football, but he had no time to pursue these sports when his school days were over. When he was not riding motor-cycles, he was busy working on them in the family motor-cycle shop, which his father, Jack Surtees, opened after a 20-year career as a top-class side-car racer.

At 15, before he was old enough to hold a road licence, John Surtees was acting as a passenger in the side-car of the machine ridden by his famous father.

At 17, he went grass-track racing on an ancient machine. Then, adding a year to his age to comply with road-racing laws, he came second to the famous Geoff Duke in a championship race, after leading him for eight laps.

John Surtees looks slight in his overall crunched over the handlebars. But he is sturdy and extremely fit. He does not smoke or drink and has little time for girls.

Sells Motor-Cycles

His only other interest besides racing is his new business at West Wickham, Kent, where he sells motor-cycles.

Some people have been surprised that he never rides a motor-cycle on the roads. But the technique of racing and road-riding are entirely different to him and he fears that one might spell him for the other.

Surtees has both courage and skill in his own bikes and he always watches the rev-counter to make sure he is not over-taking his engine. He is able to slide down the back of the machine tracks at a fraction of the time most other competitors.

He is a natural rider and his skill is not inherited entirely from his father. His mother, Mrs. Dorothy Surtees, formerly owned her own motor-cycle business and can handle a fast machine better than most men.

John's younger brother, Norman, started competing in the "veteran" class at 16. But the athletic, young sister, Dorothy, has been racing on the running track.



JOHN SURTEES

Golf Gets A Sphinx-Like Champion

By FRANK PENNING

Deane Beman, 21, became the youngest American to win the British amateur golf championship and the second youngest to John Beltrami in modern times, when he beat his compatriot, Bill Hyndman, 43, by 3 and 2 in the 36 holes final at Royal St George's, Sandwich last Saturday.

His play was so fine all round, his putting so deadly, that omitting two holes, he was four under 4's for the match. And that was with the wind setting entirely different problems from the previous rounds.

Deane Beman is a handsome, utterly composed and sphinx-like. "He doesn't even blink," said someone.

FUSSES

Rather slightly built, he has to slide into the ball to keep up its length with the big boys, but he has a perfect grip, a first class back swing and about the most convincing putting stroke I have ever seen.

By contrast, Hyndman fuses over the ball like an old hen, opening and closing his grip, adjusting, generally, before he unleashes a classical swing.

The sympathies of the crowd were with him, if for no other reason than that each one of them had at some time also been up against an opponent who held almost everything, and was invariably blinking off the tee.

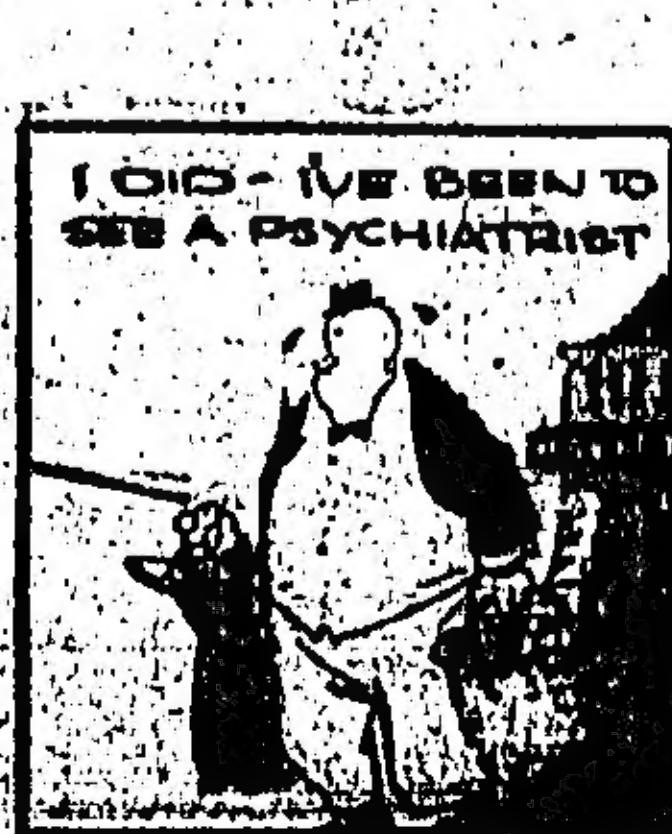
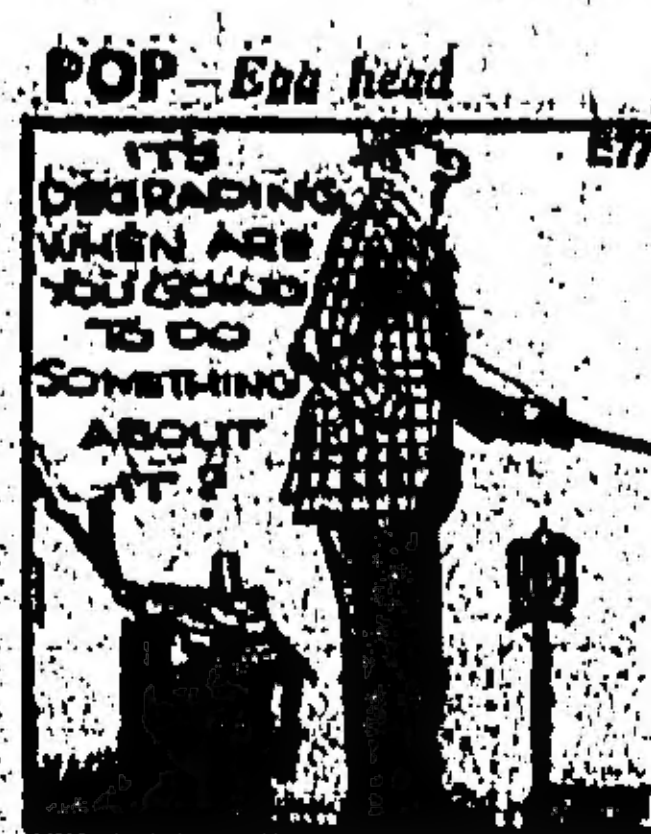
TIED

Twice Beman began 4, 3, 2 and with an early lead he was never caught, nor did Hyndman really look like catching him.

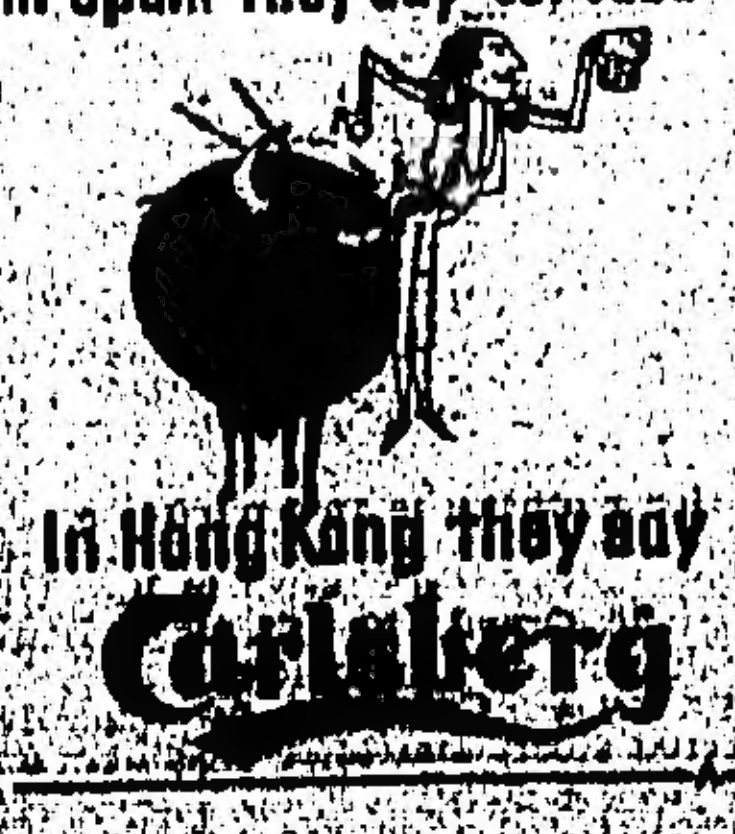
At the second after lunch he went four up, but Hyndman topped one off at the 9th which he held in three despite driving into a bunker.

A third time, however, he was inclined to book from the tee as well as to be short with his putts, and he lost the 10th while Beman played a great pitch from a divot mark.

There was a little flick to the fall of the flag, however, Hyndman winning the 11th after a column drive, and getting down in two from 30 yards at the next to become two down.



In Spain they say 'carvazo'



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

The Great Decline Reached New Depths—Down Mexico Way

The dismal failure of the England football team in South America has provided the sporting world with its meatiest morsel in many years. England's 'tour of torture'—as it has been called in one prominent British newspaper—has given sportswriters in every corner of the globe an opportunity to blow off some steam... and it is probably significant that the loudest, and certainly the most vitriolic examples of this pastime have been found in Britain.

It is doubtful if ever in the history of the game a touring party has been lambasted as this England team has been and what is apparently much more important... the selectors... and management on the spot, and the players seem to have deserved all that was coming to them.

It is always dangerous to form remote opinions and realise only too well the pitfalls involved in such a practice, but the unanimity of the British sportswriters who accompanied the team would indicate very clearly that all was far from well.

First of all it seems certain there was a sad lack of essential harmony among the players and the remarks attributed to some of them in the columns of the British popular press reflected little credit on those concerned.

Out Of Date

This aspect of the tour, and the very much reported mismanagement that went with it, are but ancillary factors to the inlustrous performance, which the team put up. What every sportswriter who was present now wants to know... is what has caused this decline in England's status... or, alternately... what has brought other countries to a greater pitch of soccer efficiency.

One prominent sports commentator accused England of playing football that was fifty years out of date. He said that other countries had used the basic skills of the British as a foundation on which to build their game and had then gone on to examine and investigate ways and means of improving their achievements.

That is a valid point. British football as a whole is old fashioned although much of its skillfulness—and solidness—is born in the very nature of the high-powered domestic competitions in which the league clubs have to play every week for eight months of the year.

'Soccer's Mr Chips' One has only to watch the aims of important international games to appreciate how the game has changed and is still changing in character. The big kick has disappeared completely... and the fact that it still exists in Britain can be attributed to the 'got-it-or-it' boys who pick the grounds demanding success at any cost.

Footballers who have to tolerate such exhortations week after week cannot possibly develop the intricate style of football which has carried the Hungarians and the Brazilians to the top of the football world.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Yes. But only for throwing the ball.
2. Luis Araya (Chile) and Christine Truman (Great Britain).
3. Steve Donoghue, Six winners.
4. All have played football and cricket for England.
5. Two: Rocky Marciano v Roland La Starza in 1953, and Marciano v Don Cockell in 1955.
6. Three—Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano.
7. Jeannette Altwegg, for ice-skating in the Winter Olympics.
8. Mrs Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland.
9. (a) Ice hockey, (b) Chess, (c) Motor-racing.
10. (a) St Andrews, (b) Lord's.

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: Arsenal v Middlesbrough, Blackburn v Cardiff, Tottenham v Preston, Liverpool v Manchester City, Manchester United v Newcastle, Everton v Derby, West Ham v Burnley, Fulham v Nottm Forest, Millwall v Luton, Charlton v Reading, Bournemouth v Exeter, Colchester v Grimsby, Leyton Orient v Southend, Dagenham v Gillingham, Maidstone v Dover, Dover v Maidstone, Dover v Maidstone, Dover v Maidstone.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service

First it seems they will call for a change in the present system whereby England teams are chosen by a group of 'amateur' selectors. They will call for the formation of a football advisory committee made up of some of the greatest names in the game. These acknowledged masters of the football arts would be given the job of watching, advising, and even coaching promising players and they would finally have a full say in the selection of the national eleven.

There is a feeling too that Walter Winterbottom, who has

and even our name were good enough to carry us through. "We closed our eyes to the fact that soccer came to have replaced the good old reliable 'Glosters' of the game... and worst of all we allowed our players' boots to become filled with money instead of talent with the result that nowadays far too many of them—while still nothing more than novices—spend their time calculating what they can get out of the game rather than what they can put into it. Too many of them are amateur financiers rather than professional footballers... and of course England's antiquated rules of management have encouraged some and forced others to seek additional income on the side."

old fashioned that we are not good enough for today's new fashioned football. In spite of all this bitter tirade it seems that everyone is still agreed that British League football is still far and away the best in the world. This is the fact which has governed our progress. It seems that soon England will have to make a bold decision as to whether it should forgo the stimulant of international competition and concentrate on its own league and cup competitions or modify these to enable suitable preparation to be made for meetings with the powerful national sides of other countries.

It is strange how—in spite of modern evidence—the feeling that British methods are still best reaches to every community where British folks play the game. In Australia the main conflict in the game arises from the differences of opinion between the 'old fashioned' British roots and the newer concepts brought into the country by the large numbers of European immigrants who have arrived down under. Nowadays it is the new ideas which are gaining supremacy. That is inevitable.

Laughed At

It is most interesting to turn from paper to paper and read what the top line writers in the world of sport have to say about the South American tour and also about the present situation in British football. And I say 'British' in spite of Scotland's teetly but successful tour in Europe.

This was how one paper started its leading article on the sports page on the morning after Mexico had rubbed England's nose in the dust. "How do you convince people that they have been old fashioned to the extent that they are becoming the laughing stock of their professional friends and opponents?"

"Yesterday I saw the Mexican team laughing... yes, laughing at the efforts of England's chosen best to play football. I never thought I would live to see such a day and what made the situation even worse was the fact that I could not offer a single legitimate cause on behalf of the players or those in charge of them."

"How embarrassing it was to hear the Mexicans consoling us with platitudes. 'Poor old England they would say and then asked quickly if this was really our best side or were we saving our talent for the next World Cup series. 'Old England' was an apt description. I don't believe I would have been very surprised if they had belittled with sideboards, drooping moustaches, and long knee breeches."

Ideal Ammunition

"If England had to qualify for the World Cup by playing in the South American Zone we would never reach the final pool. After this eye opening tour we shall have to beware for the South Americans are working up a fine case against our back-door method of qualifying by means of our own domestic international competition."

"One displays on this tour gave them the ideal ammunition to blast us right out of our present privileged position and our own players have left us without a single worthwhile counter-argument. I put it bluntly we are now so

By I. M. MACTAVISH

That victory, however, did not indicate a brilliant return to form. It merely indicated that England had run up against weak opposition.

I have had the opportunity to read all the columns written by six of England's best known football writers and I have never read so much general agreement as exists in their opinion. They have been forthright and fearless in their comments and it seems certain that in the months ahead they... and many others like them... will start an organised campaign for a major reformation in England's international soccer affairs.

held the reins of England's affairs for so long, will have to go and with him his ill-advised two-centreforward plan which has been tried for years without success.

'End Of An Era'

"Let us go back to the basic skills and start all over again," suggests one big name writer. "We cannot possibly lose anything now, if only because we have nothing left to lose."

"We have come to the end of an era," writes another columnist. "It has been an era of football folly in which we lived and played in the false security of the belief that our reputation

FRIGHTENED MEN OF FOOTBALL CANNOT STAND CRITICISM

By DON HARDISTY

London.

The high-ups of Soccer are frightened of the Press. Never have they made this so obvious as in their outburst last weekend. In Los Angeles, at the end of the England tour, chairman of selectors Joe Mears stated that newspaper reports "almost without exception had been inaccurate, misleading, mischievous, and a great disservice to English football and footballers."

In London, at the annual meeting of the Football League on Saturday, president Joe Richards, talking of Press, radio, and television treatment of football, said: "We want some control, and we are determined to have it."

Also speaking on a "gag the Press" proposal, Burnley chairman Bob Lord said: "We must have this worded properly or these Pressmen would do their utmost with players and officials." "The Press is a bad light," there is nothing wrong with that either. On Saturday Mr Richards quoted three instances of the sort of thing the League wants to ban.

The recent tour of the Americas has shown the F.A. in a bad light, and there is nothing wrong in saying so. Further down this column, I shall show the "miserable" record of the League in a bad light. There is nothing wrong with that either. On Saturday Mr Richards quoted three instances of the sort of thing the League wants to ban.

Argument

A long and vehement discussion followed the withdrawal of the original motion which would have banned all players and officials from writing for, and speaking to, Press, radio and television.

At the end of it a substitute motion which merely left the League with the power to reprimand anyone who "overstepped the mark" was referred back for re-wording.

But the intention of the Football League as well as the Football Association is unmistakable. They want to quell the power and freedom of the Press as effectively as they have quelled the more adventurous elements among their own club players and officials. But not a word of the advantages football has gained from the Press, radio, and television. The League wants to control the Press, radio, and television, whether it shows the Soccer powers in a bad or a good light.

He gave no names, but the articles he referred to were Nottingham Forest manager Billy Walker's attack on "Everton as a 'dirty team', Manchester United player Albert Quixley's allegations that there was discontent among Portsmouth players and referee Reg Leafe's criticism of Queen's Park Rangers' supporters.

All three articles appeared under the names of men in the game—not newspapermen. And Leafe's article did not appear in a newspaper, but in the programme of a League club, Manchester City.

The League wants to cut off the Press from all contact with men in the game. The F.A. wants to protect the Press Council.

Dictators

These are the actions of frightened men, men afraid of criticism. They want no voices raised against them—EVEN IF WHAT THEY DO IS WRONG. Now to report another most dangerous tendency. "The League, fond of calling itself the greatest Soccer competition in the world, must now qualify as the most dictatorial and narrow-minded."

The decisions taken at its annual meeting proved that the League places its own power and properly before the eyes

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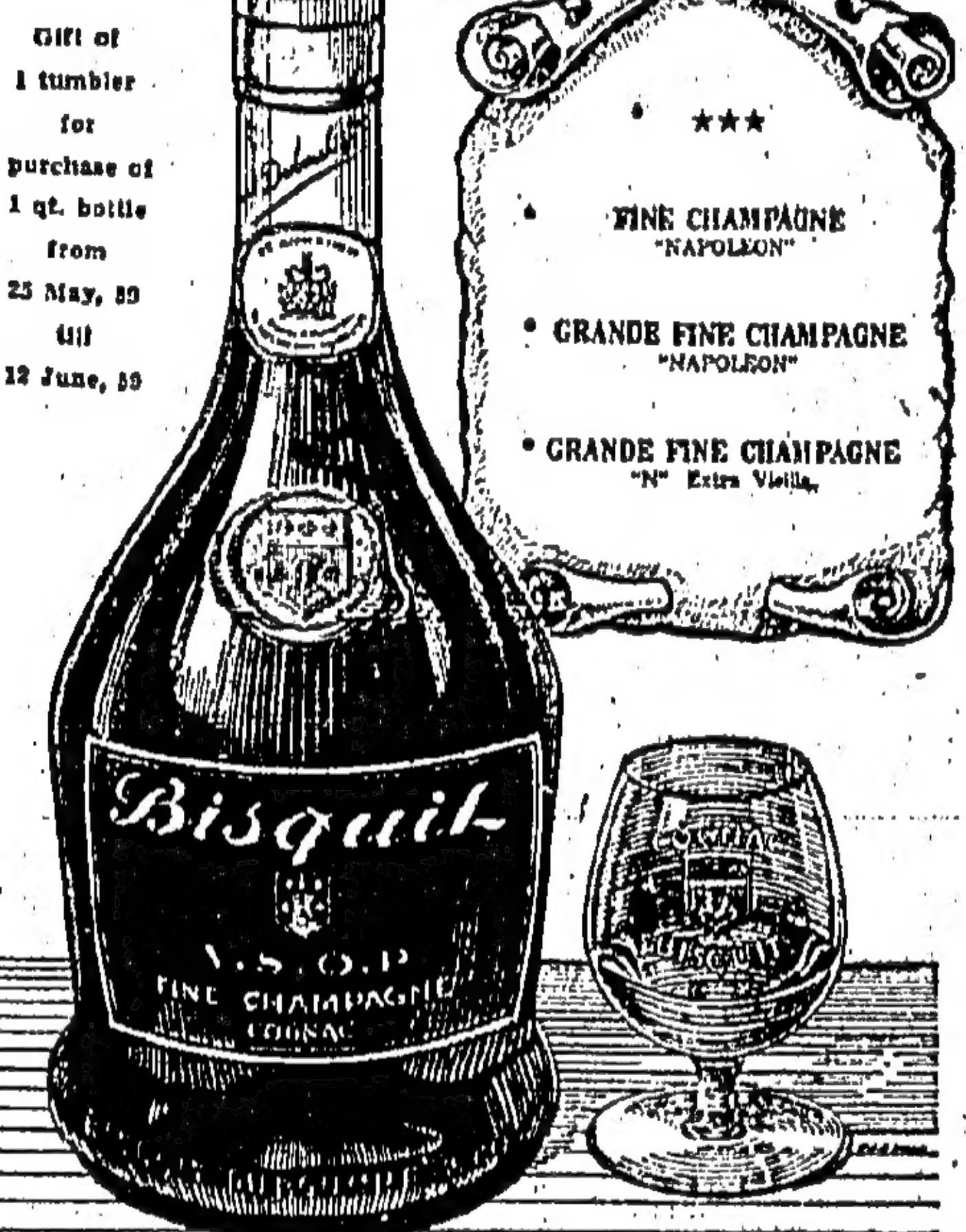


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